The Albany Mall *Kenneth Evett*

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—February 24, 1973, 50 cents

NR RT73
RITTER LIBR PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO
L079 I 0973
44017
APER NEWSPAPER

Misusing the FBI—*Walter Pincus*

Workfare/Welfare—*Richard P. Nathan*

How It Works—*John Osborne*

The Soldier—*Crawford Woods*

Billy Wilder—*Stanley Kauffmann*

Cambodia Report—*Stanley Karnow*

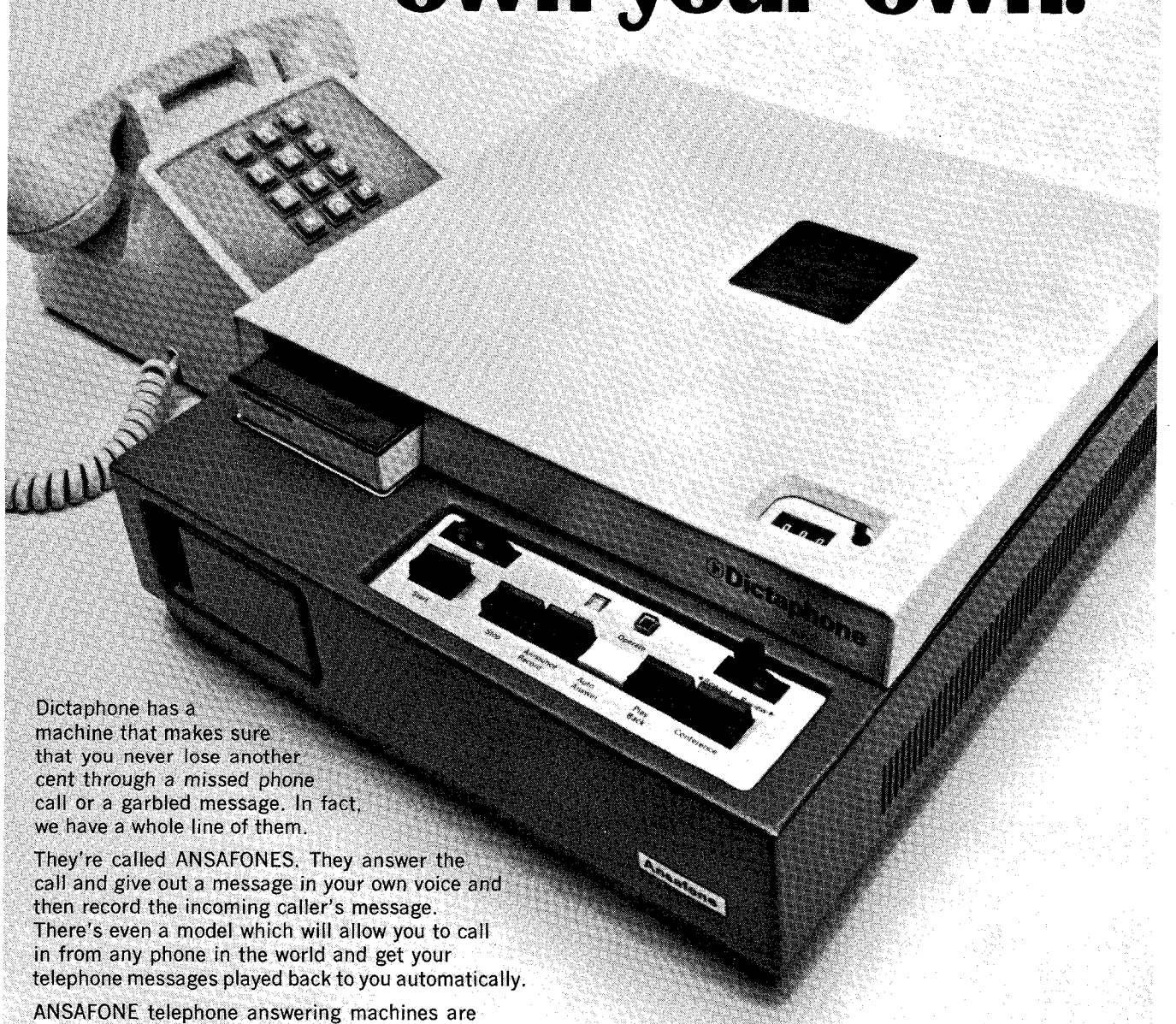
Dorothy Day—*Colman McCarthy*

Lawyers' Fees—*Mark J. Green*

Novelist Sulzberger—*William Saroyan*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why pay an answering service when you can own your own?



Dictaphone has a machine that makes sure that you never lose another cent through a missed phone call or a garbled message. In fact, we have a whole line of them.

They're called ANSAFONES. They answer the call and give out a message in your own voice and then record the incoming caller's message. There's even a model which will allow you to call in from any phone in the world and get your telephone messages played back to you automatically.

ANSAFONE telephone answering machines are not toys. They're sophisticated, high quality business machines designed to work for you 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. They help big companies cover their switchboards at night during off-hours, distributors take orders 24-hours a day and small businesses keep the phone covered and stay "open for business" around the clock.

You can buy one outright or, possibly, lease it for less than you would pay an answering service. If your business depends upon the phone for orders or incoming information, ANSAFONE can help you.

For a free brochure describing how much ANSAFONE can help you in your business, mail this coupon today.

Dictaphone

6338 Lindmar Drive, Goleta, Calif. 93017

Please send me complete information on Dictaphone's line of telephone answering systems.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

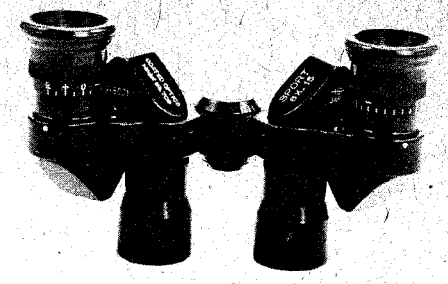
Telephone No:_____

1 563: : : 1 8 7 0 5 MN1172

Dictaphone and Ansafone are registered trademarks of Dictaphone Corp., Rye, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM BIRD WATCHING TO "BIRD" WATCHING



The world's smallest prism binoculars are perfect for anyone wanting to observe anything closely and clearly.

These precision prism binoculars are 6 x 15 power, and fit away neatly in pocket or handbag. They feature high quality lenses and uniform fine construction.

Prism Binoculars 6338 Lindmar Dr. Goleta, CA 93017

Gentlemen,

Please send me one pair of your prism binoculars at $29.95, postpaid. Enclosed is my check or money order for $ .....

Please charge my ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express or ☐ Bank-Americard:

Account No. _____

Expires _____

Signature _____

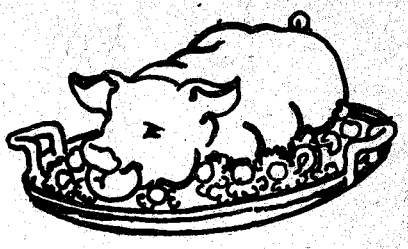
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Calif. Residents Add 5% Sales Tax

1 597 ::: 18705



New, easy, luxurious Meadow Lane Farms

Roast Suckling Pig

This dish of royalty is as quickly and easily prepared as a roast or turkey. Shipped frozen. Plan-ahead recipes by return mail. Your roast suckling pig arrives ready for cooking dressed whole, with apple in mouth, or with head removed. Perfect condition guaranteed. Allow one pound per person when ordering. Prices are complete, including delivery charges and local taxes.

Royal Hawaiian Luau size (27-30 pounds) $79.00

Olde English Dinner Size (12-14 pounds) $49.00

All orders U.S. Government inspected and shipped direct. Pay by check or money order. Specify with apple in mouth or head removed. Allow 14 days for delivery. Meadow Lane Farms' products are raised with the care given organic foods. The supply is limited and your order must be scheduled for individual attention.

Meadow Lane Farms
6338 Lindmar Dr.
Goleta, CA 93017

Enclosed is my check for $_____

Please send me

____ Royal Hawaiian at $79.00

____ Olde English at $49.00

☐ with apple ☐ head removed

Please charge my ☐BankAmericard, ☐Master Charge, or ☐American Express:

Acct. No. _____

Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

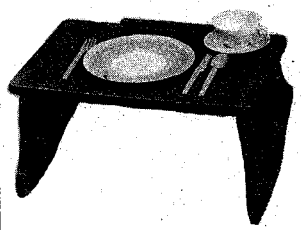
State/Zip _____

1 639 ::: 18705

MULTI PURPOSE FOLDING WONDER DESK!!

WITH SNAP LOC TWO POSITION LEGS

Designed for mobility and convenience, the Wonder Desk folds flat for easy carrying and storage. With its legs snapped down, your easy chair, sofa, bed, or even car seat is transformed to a functional area for reading and writing. It also sits level for use as a TV tray, bed tray or game board. An extremely versatile, functional item, your Wonder Desk will get many hours of use.



Wonder Desk
6338 Lindmar Dr., Goleta, CA 93017

Please send me postpaid

☐ one Wonder Desk at $8.95

☐ two Wonder Desks at $16.95

Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____.

Please charge my ☐ Master Charge, ☐ Bank-Americard, or ☐ American Express.

Account No. _____

Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

1 654 ::: 18705

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

from Washington
February 24, 1973

Sops to Labor

The whole balance of American politics will change if President Nixon can permanently win over organized labor to his coalition, as he has large parts of the South through his Southern Strategy. We shall know more about it after this week for the top brass of the AFL-CIO is meeting for a fortnight at the swank Americana Hotel at Bal Harbour, Florida. George Meany and about 35 of the executive council will be on hand and Mr. Nixon is sending down Cabinet spokesmen including, of course, the colorful new secretary of Labor, Peter Brennan and George Shultz and others. He may pop in himself as he did to the Teamsters' convention in Florida in mid-1971 when he was staying at nearby Key Biscayne.

Mr. Nixon's wooing of labor is one of the most breathtaking political romances of modern times. Offhand, it would seem like a union of opposites but this isn't necessarily so; Disraeli—to whom Mr. Nixon likes to compare himself—found that a lot of two-fisted English workers loved his jingoistic imperial adventures and, in the same way, Mr. Nixon attracted Peter Brennan, head of the New York Building Trades Council. The latter got fame by bringing out his construction workers in a patriotic pro-Nixon demonstration for the Vietnam war that put "hardhat" into the vocabulary, and roughed up a lot of those effete long-haired peaceniks. The delighted President invited Peter to the White House and later made him secretary of Labor. The country isn't aware of Brennan yet, but it will be. Most of the Nixon Cabinet crowd are drab, faceless men but Brennan, the Bronx painter, has color enough for three. He looks like George Washington, speaks like Al Smith and thinks like Archie Bunker.

The affluent Brennan craft unions are celebrated for keeping out blacks and they may feel at home in the administration as does the white South. In the Brennan confirmation hearings it came out that one cute way the steamfitters had of limiting undesirable apprentices was to give examinations requiring them to identify, for example, Salvador Dali, and to define what words like "debutante" mean; a good thing for steamfitters to know. Actually about 70 percent of the construction tradesmen enter the industry through the back door, by routes other than the formal five-year apprentice system.

This discussion is not meant as an attack on organized labor which has kept the flag of progressivism afloat many and many a time when it was abandoned by others. The question is, however, whether George Meany's tacit alliance with Mr. Nixon in the presidential election is for keeps. In 1972, for the first time since the Roosevelt New Deal coalition 40 years ago, large numbers of unionists deserted the Democrats. Whereas Humphrey got 56 percent support in 1968, the Gallup poll showed Mr. Nixon got 50 percent in 1972. Is this going to last? Can the President make it worthwhile? Personally, we think it's doubtful but the President has many allurements and knows how to use them.

Take the case of the Teamsters. They are the country's biggest union, although not in the AFL-CIO. Former President Jimmy Hoffa was convicted in 1964 of tampering with a jury and of defrauding the union's pension fund of nearly two million dollars. He got a 13-year sentence. Mr. Nixon commuted the sentence in 1971 with the stipulation that he shouldn't engage in union activity for 17 years. A new book by former FBI man Walter Sheridan who participated in the conviction (*The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa*) tells of the tremendous Teamster lobby to get Hoffa sprung (see Clark Mollenhoff's review on page 28). The US Parole Board unanimously rejected clemency three times in two years. Then Mr. Nixon acted, without consultation with the judges who sentenced Hoffa, the prosecutors who convicted him or the criminal division of his own Justice Department.

A cordial White House-Teamsters relationship developed before this. Mr. Nixon helicoptered over to see Hoffa's successor, Frank Fitzsimmons, inaugurated in Florida, and reportedly offered him the Labor post in his Cabinet before Brennan. Fitzsimmons was the only labor member of the old Phase II Pay Board who didn't resign last March when truculent Meany marched out. The international brotherhood gave all-out support to the Nixon reelection, and by a coincidence the White House withdrew proposed compulsory arbitration legislation aimed at transportation disputes like those of the Teamsters just about the time of the Teamster endorsement. A nice gesture. A sympathetic President has a lot to offer.

As another labor case there is the minor but interesting incident of the Seafarers International Union, recently referred to in a *New York Times* editorial. In 1970 the union heads were charged amidst considerable fanfare by Attorney General Mitchell with illegally conspiring to contribute $750,000 to political candidates, mostly Hubert Humphrey. The charges languished two years and a federal judge finally dismissed them for failure to prosecute, and the Justice Department decided not to appeal. By one of those amusing coincidences that are so much stranger than fiction, the union borrowed $100,000 from the Chemical Bank of New York (whose chairman is on the Nixon finance committee) five days before the election and contributed the same amount to—guess who—the Nixon campaign! The Nixon committee ignored its legal obligation to make the gift known within 48 hours and waited nearly three months . . .

(Contemplating events like this you can't help wondering if the Watergate defendants who pleaded guilty but who stayed mum about who sponsored the affair will remain in jail for the full sentence, if and when they go.)

Well now we come back to George Meany, who is as honorable and honest as he is testy. We don't always agree with him, but we admire and like him. At Bal Harbour, Florida, he will huff and puff, we imagine, about the new Nixon thalidomide welfare budget (all its offspring are mutilated programs). But he will note, too, certain sops to labor. The wage and price controls of Phase II are replaced with the less restrictive Phase III, with which Meany is cooperating. Then too a genuine trade unionist is secretary of Labor. Above all, the administration hints at a tough action against cheap foreign imports. McKinley wooed workers with a high tariff; why shouldn't Nixon?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 168, No. 8, Issue 3033, February 24, 1973. Published 48 times a year and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscriptions $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1973 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.**Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D.C. and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

5-7 Comment
The White House and the Press, Games Playing, Tax Shelters
8 House Cleaning—*Tom Geoghegan*
10 Cambodia—*Stanley Karnow*
12 The Nixon Watch: How It Works—*John Osborne*
13 Checking the MIRV Race: One Last Try—*Herbert Scoville, Jr.*
14 Price-Fixing Lawyers—*Mark J. Green*
17 Misusing the FBI—*Walter Pincus*
19 Workfare/Welfare—*Richard P. Nathan*
22 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
23 Art—*Kenneth Evett*
24 Books—Reviewed by *Crawford Woods, William Saroyan, Clark R. Mollenhoff*
30 On Dorothy Day—*Colman McCarthy*
31 Poem—*Karl Shapiro*

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief—Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Literary Editor—Reed Whittemore
Associate Editors—John Osborne, Walter Pincus
Staff Writers—Thomas Geoghegan, Eliot Marshall
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—Dianne Ferriss
Contributing Editors:
Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Donald Canty, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Doris Grumbach, Gerald W. Johnson, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Melville J. Ulmer, Allen S. Whiting, Paul R. Wieck
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
West Coast Editor—Peter Barnes
Production Manager—Mary Henninger
Assistant Production Manager—Ellen Cochran Hicks
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Circulation Manager—Mary Kurtz
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Assistant Business Manager—Constance Cole Twining
New Republic Feature Syndicate—Elizabeth A. Scanlan
Advertising and Promotion—Ilene Briggin Kahane
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan

The White House And the Press

"The first duty of a newspaper to public opinion," Frank I. Cobb said in these pages over 50 years ago, "is to furnish the raw materials for it and the tools for its formation." And when newspapers—or media as we must now say—do their duty, they perforce come into conflict with government. For the governors want their constituents to get primarily that information which makes officials look good—pretty pictures that flatter. This conflict of interest between reporters and those reported on has an honorable lineage. It was anticipated by the Founding Fathers, even encouraged through protections given the press in the first amendment of the Bill of Rights—a safeguard as Frank Cobb wrote, that "reeks of sedition. In every clause it shakes its fist in the face of constituted authority and thunders 'Thou shalt not.'"

The running battle has changed only in form, not substance, with the ascendancy of television on one side, and even more centralized control of information by government on the other. Television has become the principal channel for distribution of national news, diminishing the influence of competing major metropolitan newspapers TV has helped destroy economically. Television has unique characteristics. A government official can sharply limit television coverage by refusing to go before the cameras, leaving the story without a picture and so dampening its impact. But television also has benefits to confer on a politician who wants, on his own terms, to speak directly to the people. It reaches more of them than any other single medium. The speaker cannot be cut off or interrupted by intrusive newsmen. No wonder TV is the President's favored means of communication with the voters.

Since television news gathering is far more costly than print, however, it does not and cannot give us the in-depth coverage of major stories that we expect from a good newspaper. And on a day to day basis, it cannot undertake investigative reporting. In addition, though it has given the country three daily national news sources, television carries a burden unknown to print: it is licensed by the government and thus responsive not only to rulings of the Federal Communications Commission but also, more than print, to review and threats of review by the White House and the Congress.

The growing power of television has been paralleled by centraliza-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of news distribution by government. For example, the system of classifying official documents has been used by three successive administrations to limit what the public could know about the Vietnam war. Tighter control over what officials may say, the hiring of more professional public relations men who know the art of news packaging, further constrict the flow of competing and sometimes contradictory facts and opinions. While government has always dominated the media (names make news, and the bigger the names the bigger the news), the press for the most part has nevertheless been free to tell whatever story it was determined to tell. And while every administration has complained about "unfair" reporting, for the most part the press has carried the government story, and the few exceptions were not considered important enough to shout about—not until recently.

What has happened recently is the surfacing of a new and venomous attitude in the White House. These people *hate* what they call the liberal, elitist, Ivy League press. They hate it for disparaging Nixon and the ad-man mentality of his advisers. They hate it as an unsympathetic, alien excrescence. Vice President Agnew launched the attack in 1969. Then in 1970 Attorney General John Mitchell turned to the use of subpoenas, the most publicized going to Earl Caldwell of *The New York Times*, who had been writing on the Black Panthers at a time when the Justice Department was running grand jury investigations of the organization. Less publicized subpoenas went to television stations and the networks for news film, particularly film of civil disturbances.

Adverse publicity over the Caldwell subpoena forced the government to codify and publish its subpoena policy for newsmen, and since August 1970, when the policy was announced, 13 subpoena requests have been approved by the Justice Department. Only two of them were fought by the media. The government's subpoena strategy received an unexpected boost when the Caldwell case went to the Supreme Court, along with two others involving newsmen reporting on alleged criminal acts who later refused to testify before grand juries. The Court in early 1972 accepted the government's argument in a 5-4 decision that newsmen had no automatic privilege not to testify. The Mitchell subpoena precedent and the court decision encouraged state and local law enforcement officials and state legislative bodies to go after newsmen who refused to name their sources. Several were jailed and a few still face that prospect. But after a flurry of cases and almost unanimous press criticism, the practice has died down. As Frank Cobb noted, "nobody ever succeeded in bettering the weather by putting the thermometer in jail."

The press has been sufficiently alarmed, however, to beseech the Congress to approve a "shield" law granting newsmen immunity at both the federal and state level. We have some doubts about the practical benefits that would follow from its adoption. The issuance of subpoenas for newsmen is, in the first instance, as Nathan Lewin has written in this journal, a reflection as much on the use—or misuse—of the grand jury system as it is an attack on the first amendment. It would do no harm for Congress to make known to federal and state prosecutors and judges that *it* looks with disfavor on the practice of subpoenas for newsmen, but Congress is not likely to say—nor should it—that no journalist may ever be required to give information to a grand jury under any circumstances. Moreover the myriad technical questions involved in drafting such legislation would eventually place before the courts such questions as who is a journalist. Finally we wonder how much *real* investigative reporting is being lost today because there is no shield law. On this question Assistant Attorney General Roger C. Cramton told a House subcommittee: "Anonymous informants have always been faced with the possibility that the pressure of events will lead to revelation of their identity or the much more remote possibility that a grand jury investigating criminal activity might require the reporter to divulge the identity of his source. Nevertheless, despite the existence of these risks, informants have not been deterred from providing information, tips and documents to the press." Indeed, reporters on *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* today manage to dig up the most damaging information about the Watergate bugging, and from sources in and around Mr. Cramton's department.

The defenders of full press freedoms may in fact be battling on a vacated front by lobbying in Congress to outlaw the subpoena of journalists. The administration's attack has shifted. The arrest of Les Whitten, Jack Anderson's top assistant, for receipt and possession of "stolen" property (documents taken from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which Whitten says he was helping to return), is another form of harassment. Expansion of the laws on security classification as embodied in recodification of the criminal code, if successful, would give the administration still another weapon against information leaks in the foreign policy and defense areas. Elsewhere the claim of widened government privilege to hide documents from the public that is laid down (thanks to Justice Department intervention) in the new rules of evidence for federal courts would not only limit what can be produced as evidence in a trial, but also information that is now available to the press under the Freedom of Information Act.

Here are the fronts where the press should be fighting. For it protects its freedom in the last analysis by using it. Frank Cobb has the final word: "The American people cannot deal intelligently with any of these problems without knowing the facts, and they cannot know the facts until the newspapers brush aside the propagandists of contending factions to get back to first principles of newsgathering."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Games Playing

By now everyone knows how important it is to balance the budget, and that in order to do so the President wants each one of us to be more self-reliant. He alerted us several times last year in speeches about welfare and the work ethic, in which he said for example that no job was too menial, no pay too low for the ambitious person willing to fight his way to the top. The proposed federal budget for 1974 moves this doctrine one step further, preaching self-reliance to people who were once exempt from harassment by budget pruners and moralists.

Like the welfare families who were given notice in the inaugural address that they should not ask "what will government do for me," the elderly on Medicare are being told to take home their hospital bills and consider "what can I do for myself." The new budget proposes to make a $500 million saving in fiscal year 1974 by compelling the elderly to pay a greater share of their medical bills under both Part A and Part B of Medicare. Part A as it operates now pays almost all hospital expenses for the 20.6 million old people enrolled, and Part B provides cheap medical insurance ($5.80 a month) which pays all but 20 percent of the doctor bills for the 20.1 million enrolled in it. Both parts are already subject to "deductibles," meaning that the patient must pay the first $72 of hospital bills he incurs each year, and the first $60 of doctor bills, before the government takes over. After that he's still responsible for paying 20 percent of his doctor bills. The administration has decided that the deductible for Part A should be raised from $72 to the full cost of staying in the hospital one day (in some cases as high as $100), with the patient paying 10 percent of all charges after that. It would also raise the deductible for Part B from $60 to $85, with the patient paying 25 percent rather than 20 percent of all charges thereafter. Why should this be done? To stimulate "cost awareness" among the old people who rely on Medicare.

Like other old age benefits Medicare is handled by the Social Security Administration, an independent office in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, whose income is supposed to derive exclusively from social security taxes. The tax rate for social security was raised on January 1 from .6 percent to 1.0 percent on payroll income to make Medicare financially self-sufficient. (The tax rate for social security cash benefits was lowered.) With the increase in taxes Medicare should break even or run a surplus this year, as it has not done in the past.

The Social Security Administration feels that doctors and hospitals are becoming too dependent on Medicare income, and that patients sometimes encourage this by using their Medicare privileges too freely. The government spokesmen haven't got statistical proof; they simply believe it. On the other hand there are many studies that suggest Medicare costs have soared because the medical profession is so widely unregulated. A logical person viewing this state of affairs might think that the best way to prevent doctors from running up large and unnecessary bills at government expense is to audit their accounts more carefully. But no one in the White House or HEW has volunteered a bill to put pressure on this half of the spending equation.

Under the proposed payment changes the personal cost of an average hospital stay under Medicare (13 days) would jump from the present $72 to about $200. By a fortunate coincidence this social reform diminishes the estimated federal deficit for next year by about $500 million. The saving appears on paper because all federal expenses are calculated in the "unified budget" which includes the budgets of semi-autonomous offices like Social Security. The whole business is an illusion, however, because federal law prevents this money from being shifted to any other purpose than the payment of Medicare claims.

The final trick is that the plan hasn't a chance of receiving congressional approval, and there are some who believe the White House knew this from the start. A similar idea was cut from last year's social security bill, and from the one before it, without any fuss. The proposal this year may be nothing more than a little executive insurance: if taxes are raised as they may have to be, the President will need a few such thwarted "reforms" to explain why it's all Congress' fault.

Tax Shelters

Less than a year ago tax reform talk was all the fashion, stimulated by Sen. McGovern's preachment that "money made by money should be taxed at the same rate as money made by men," and by fresh revelations that despite enactment of a "minimum tax" law, more than 100 superwealthy individuals still escaped all federal income tax, that about 40 percent of corporations paid no tax (often due to special deductions and exemptions) and that some multinational corporations paid more tax to foreign governments than they did to the US treasury. The President promised to send the old Congress his tax reform list before 1972's end; he never did.

Mr. Nixon pictures the federal government as a greedy monster, gobbling up too much of our paychecks. Two sentences of his budget message read: "Since the mid-1950s, the share of the nation's output taken by all governments in the United States—Federal, state and local—has increased from a quarter to a third. It need not and should not go higher." The figures on which this assertion is based show that in 1955 government outlays represented 25.3 percent of national output and in 1972 35.3 percent. But these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

figures do not measure the share of national output taken by governments. As Gardner Ackley, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Johnson and now economics professor at the University of Michigan, points out: "By far the largest part of the growth of government expenditures over this period—especially of Federal expenditures—consists of what economists call 'transfer payments,' mainly Social Security. Transfer payments do not 'take' or 'use up' the nation's output in government; rather they transfer output, or claims to output, from one group of citizens to another . . . Except for the costs of administering transfer programs, the output involved is both produced and used in the private sector."

When economists measure the share of national output taken by government, they use figures relating to government purchase of goods and services. Thus in 1955 government purchases represented 18.6 percent of national output and in 1972 22.1 percent. During these years the federal government's purchase share actually declined from 11 percent to 9.3 percent while the state and local share rose from 7.6 percent to 12.9 percent. The fact is that federal income tax rates are lower than they were a decade ago. The highest rate applicable to earned income has been cut from 91 percent to 50 percent. Federal excise taxes have also been reduced. But the loopholes remain and in some respects business' tax breaks have increased.

Highest on the list of most tax reformers is the preferential treatment given capital gains; that is, to gains realized when assets such as land, buildings or stocks are sold at a profit. If the assets have been held for six months or longer, the profit on their sale is classified as "long-term" and is taxed more lightly. Chairman Wilbur Mills during his recent Ways and Means Committee hearings, commented that "one of the things that disturbs me most is the ease of conversion of ordinary income to capital gains . . . [It is] rather a travesty that we allow taxpayers and others to profit from sales of tax shelters." The highly preferential treatment of long-term capital gains has led to an increasing search by tax lawyers and their wealthy clients for devices that convert ordinary income into capital gains. These devices encompass everything from cows and office buildings to oil wells and apartment houses. Tax shelters today are advertised and promoted like aspirin. The National Association of Securities Dealers reports that in 1971 405 syndicated tax shelters were offered representing gross investment of $4.2 billion. For the first seven and one-half months of 1972, syndicated shelter offerings totaled 305, representing $2.5 billion in investment. According to Tax Analysts and Advocates, an organization that does excellent research in the tax area, the majority of the syndicated offerings were in real estate. Rewriting the capital gains tax provision could gain the treasury more than $2 billion in annual income. Not even Mr. Nixon should blanch at that prospect.

House Cleaning

Last month the Democratic caucus stayed in session two straight days, an event in itself, and stripped House chairmen, as one party leader put it, "of the idea you're there by divine right." The rituals of power are not what they were. The caucus approved a subcommittee "bill of rights," turning final authority over rules and jurisdiction from the chairman to the committee majority. It also approved election by secret ballot for every committee chairman with the start of each Congress. True, all the old committee chairmen were reelected with ease last month. But as the reformers tell it everyone was given the benefit of the doubt this first time around. "A decade ago," says Richard Conlon, director of the Democratic Study Group, "Judge Smith [then chairman of the Rules Committee] could go milk cows if he wanted, and everyone accepted that. Wilbur Mills could sit on Medicare for six years, and everyone accepted that, too. You'll see much less of that now."

Nearly defunct in the days of John McCormack when it met only to elect the speaker and the House doorkeeper, the party caucus has sneaked back into a precarious being. Four years ago a rank-and-file movement from the party's left decided to pour its energy into beefing up the House leadership against the chairmen. By last month even fairly conservative Democrats were behind proposals to limit the Great Men to three terms, though that is now a reform to which many DSG leaders are indifferent: their goal has been not to replace the committee chairmen or destroy them, but to turn them into creatures of the caucus, and to make the caucus into a base for centralized party leadership in the House.

The so-called "subcommittee bill of rights," adopted in last month's caucus, represents the most dramatic shift in the balance of power. In effect the caucus set up on each House committee a party subcaucus that meets at least once to approve committee rules, protect subcommittee jurisdictions, and hand over a limited power to the chairmen. Under this procedure subcommittees in the House could become as independent of the chairmen as subcommittees in the Senate long have been. Henceforth House chairmen can no longer give subcommittees to their favorites or let them gobble up seats on three or four subcommittees. Subcommittee chairmen will now have a shot at hiring their own staff. But the real sleeper is the rule giving every congressman his first choice of subcommittees, each picking by order of seniority. If in effect last year, this would have opened up 160 new subcommittee slots to junior members—something, by House standards, that comes close to revolution.

On Appropriations, one of the most powerful bodies in Washington, the reforms mean that chairman George Mahon has lost his right to fill seats on defense

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and HEW subcommittees with conservative allies, while elbowing liberals on to what they call "the bullshit committees." Because ratios of Democrats to Republicans on the subcommittees must be as favorable as those for the full committee, Mahon must also add one more Democrat to each.

"A lot of these guys," said one congressman, "know they already have 45 votes against them when they come up for election as committee chairman next time. They're going to start returning the phone calls of the junior members."

For the 119 House subcommittee chairmen, the caucus reforms are a chance to free themselves from 19 House autocrats, whether populist autocrats like Wright Patman (D, Tex.) or conservatives like Mahon. (Since Ways and Means has no subcommittees, Wilbur Mills is not similarly endangered.) Last year Representative Frank Thompson (D, NJ) pushed through the caucus a rule that no member could chair more than one subcommittee. "That created," Thompson says, "40 new junior oligarchs, though I suppose they were almost exclusively liberal ones."

Since the last thorough reorganization of Congress in 1946, subcommittees have been breeding like rabbits. With every man king of his own castle, reform may simply increase by some unknown multiple the amount of logrolling in the 93rd Congress. That is a possibility that worries men like Representative Don Fraser of Minnesota. Reform should do more than spread around the action, forcing lobbyists to hit more targets. It should focus the power of Congress in a more responsible way.

At the end of last month, the House finally became alarmed enough at the proliferation of committees to set up a bipartisan panel to review the whole committee structure. In transportation, for example, at least five major committees claim jurisdiction over one aspect or another of a bill to open up the highway trust fund to mass transit. Expert witnesses are forced to make excessive and trivial appearances.

But at least some Democrats now see the problem of House reform as a problem of party power. The caucus still has before it one of the key DSG proposals for a 16-member policy committee which would act as a permanent executive arm of the Democrats in the House. The DSG argues that committee chairmen cannot be held accountable for carrying out party policy if no policy has been set. "The chairmen work out their own ideas in a vacuum," one Democrat points out, "and the rest of us have to make haphazard responses to them from the floor." With a policy steering committee, Wilbur Mills would feel less free to make book with the President behind the backs of House leaders. Anyway that is the hope.

The most serious failure of the last Congress was the aimless, incoherent way all the House committees chewed at the budget. The Democratic caucus is too unwieldy to be much help here, hard put as it is to get a quorum even once a month, and it may be, as a blue-ribbon congressional joint committee reported two weeks ago that the legislative "priorities" problem needs two more committees to attack it. First, though, the Democrats in the House need to find some way themselves to decide where the country's resources should go and how the tax structure should pay for it.

Like most of their rank-and-file, the House leaders have yet to take advantage of their role as the "loyal opposition." In the bad old McCormack days, when the House seemed to be run by 20 Bourbon Democrats, men like Albert acted as brokers between the omnipotent chairmen and the Democratic President. It was not their job to think through the party priorities, as DSG liberals want them to do. When the Republicans took over the White House most congressmen were local political chiefs preoccupied with their own backyards, unable readily to join in a coherent legislative response to the Nixon program. If they seem more united now it is because the '74 budget would try to drag the country back to Coolidge and put a few of their committees out of business.

One of the ironies of party reform is that the stronger the tools of party government in the House, the more obvious it will become that the House leaders and "the national Democrats" are the minority party in the body as a whole. A Dixiecrat-Republican coalition can still command a voting majority on the floor. A DSG study in 1969 showed that a third of the Democratic chairmen and subcommittee chairmen voted against Democratic programs more often than the average Republican did. Last April a majority of the Democratic caucus instructed the House Foreign Affairs Committee to send out a fund cut-off for the Vietnam war—the first time in 50 years that a party caucus had tried to bind a House committee. But when the resolution came to the floor it lost; the antiwar forces were swamped.

With the new liberal penetration into the committees Democrats will clearly be in a better position to get the party's legislation to the floor. At present, Representative Fraser points out, House chairmen like Mills are so terrified of losing that issues like tax reform are never debated at all. But some in Congress feel it is a bit more civic-minded to have a full House vote on issues of national importance.

In any case, as the reformers like to say, the boll weevils don't run the House anymore, and in the committees the national Democrats, especially the border-state Democrats, now seem powerful beyond their numbers. Dixiecrats like Joe Waggonner (D, La.) talk about forming a counter-DSG. "Isn't that something?" a DSG staffer marvels. "They would never have needed it a few years ago. Back then they had the House of Representatives."

Tom Geoghegan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hanging Fire

Cambodia

Pnompenh

The Paris agreement created the framework for a conclusion to the hostilities in Vietnam, and the chances for a cease-fire in Laos currently appear to be good. But here in Cambodia, the third state of Indochina, the war grinds on without any visible prospect of settlement. Essentially triggered by Richard Nixon's tactical "incursion" in the spring of 1970, it has degenerated into a prolonged, savage and, above all, futile war that cannot quite be understood, much less ended, by its participants. So it continues to devastate a small, inconsequential country whose only crimes have been weakness and geographical location.

The opposition forces, usually described in neat press accounts as Communist, seem to be less a homogeneous movement than a loose coalition of disparate groups vaguely united in their resistance to the government. They include followers of the deposed Prince Norodom Sihanouk, leftist insurgents who trace their origin back to the struggle against the French, and assorted other dissident factions as well as regular North Vietnamese and Vietcong units for whom Cambodia has primarily served as a base for actions in South Vietnam. In the face of this confusingly diverse enemy, the government has been unable to discern an interlocutor with whom to negotiate.

The government itself, moreover, is scarcely a cohesive entity. The chief of state, President Lon Nol, is a crippled, petulant old man whose legitimacy is dubious, partly as a result of his blatantly rigged election victory last year and partly because of his constitutional shenanigans the year before. Distrustful of his subordinates and wary of his rivals, he governs haphazardly through his swaggering younger brother, General Lon Non, a former gendarme whose reputation for corruption has lost the regime whatever respect it may have had following Sihanouk's ouster nearly three years ago. Aware of their government's fragility, Lon Nol and his sibling fear negotiations even though they lack the strength and the will to continue fighting. The only public figure here who has given serious thought to the question of a truce is a popular and unusually honest politician by the name of In Tam, whom Lon Nol defeated in last year's phony presidential election. In Tam recently drafted a plan to form a committee composed of representatives from all the Cambodian parties engaged in the conflict in the hope that they might resolve their differences. He submits that the various Cambodian rebel groups are basically nationalists and want to avoid Vietnamese or Chinese domination as much as other Cambodians. Therefore they should be receptive to a compromise. But so far his plan has gone nowhere.

The inability of the Cambodians to accommodate to each other has prompted the suggestion that a cease-fire here may perhaps be achieved through foreign intervention. One theory holds that Henry Kissinger will pull a plausible peace proposal out of his sleeve. Another prediction is that the international conference scheduled to open in Paris later this month might take up the Cambodian situation. Judging from their public positions, however, the powers seem to be no closer to a compromise than the Cambodians. The North Vietnamese, whose influence here is decisive, contend that Sihanouk and his government in exile represent the "legality, authenticity and continuity" of the Cambodian state. The same theme is echoed by the Chinese, who have housed and fed Sihanouk in Peking since his downfall. But the Russians, who still maintain a mission in Pnompenh despite their rhetorical commitment to the revolutionary cause, have repeatedly made it clear that they consider the prince a puppet of China and thus unacceptable in any new equation. The Nixon administration is similarly suspicious of Sihanouk, especially since he adamantly refuses to participate in any arrangement with Lon Nol.

There has been some speculation that Hanoi and Peking might scuttle Sihanouk in exchange for a coalition that would include members of the Cambodian insurgent organizations now fighting inside the country. This notion is not illogical, at least on paper. The leftists have no love for Sihanouk, since he repressed them brutally when he was chief of state. But if their clandestine radio broadcasts reflect their real attitude, the dissidents are cool to the idea of negotiations, particularly with the Lon Nol regime. Besides, the status of the nominal rebel leaders is extremely ambiguous. Statements of the "liberation" movement are regularly signed by Khieu Samphan, Hou Yuon and Hu Nim, three former Pnompenh politicians who disappeared six years ago after incurring Sihanouk's wrath. Whether they are dead or alive is a mystery. One story has it that they escaped to Hanoi. Another version is that they were executed by Sihanouk, and are now being impersonated by doubles.

When Vice President Agnew swept through Pnompenh a couple of weeks ago, he expressed American support for the local regime but without specifying Lon Nol by name. This signaled to the more sensitive diplomatic analysts here that the United States is not totally locked into Lon Nol and might agree to dump him for the sake of a solution. According to this thesis both Lon Nol and Sihanouk could be retired to southern France, thereby opening the field for compromise to more flexible Cambodian personalities. Such a maneuver would certainly require the cooperation of Hanoi and Peking, and Kissinger may have proposed it on his trips to those capitals last week. But even with North Vietnamese and Chinese cooperation, the maneuver may not be easy. Sihanouk is stubborn and Lon Nol, whose brother is enjoying the perquisites of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power, is equally capable of digging in his heels.

The Pnompenh regime ought to welcome a reasonable end to the war since its forces are being badly beaten. By conservative estimates the government controls only 20 percent of the country's territory and some 60 percent of the population, most of them refugees who have poured into the cities. The eastern third of the country is occupied almost entirely by North Vietnamese and Vietcong troops. They once numbered as many as 60,000, but most have recently moved into South Vietnam primarily to secure areas in the Mekong Delta. About 20,000 or less still maintain an elaborate logistical network in Cambodia in order to supply both their own units and their Cambodian allies. The Cambodian insurgents have grown in spectacular fashion, from some 3000 in 1970 to nearly 45,000 at present. They are now organized into battalions, many with North Vietnamese cadres, and their equipment includes such weapons as 82-millimeter mortars and 75-millimeter recoilless rifles. Their domain extends across the country to the outskirts of Pnompenh. But they have widely refrained from attempting to take the capital, which, with its huge refugee population, is more of a liability than an asset. Their strategy, lifted directly from Mao Tse-tung, has instead been to bar access to the city. The strategy is working. Except for a couple of roads open to convoys, travel is impossible. The insurgents have been less successful at blocking the Mekong River, along which vital oil shipments come up from South Vietnam, principally because the Saigon army and American aircraft have defended the artery. It may be, however, that the insurgents are not trying too hard since they also need the oil. But they may seek to cut the river as a gesture now that the South Vietnamese are prohibited by the Paris agreement from entering Cambodia.

What sustains the Cambodian army is American military aid, which currently amounts to some five million dollars a week. The latest equipment due to be delivered here includes a half-dozen C-130 transport aircraft and a squadron of A-37 dragonfly jet fighters. The aid program is administered by a 75-man US team under the command of a brigadier general responsible to the US Pacific Headquarters in Hawaii and its presence here has already aroused controversy. Last week, demanding the termination of the program, North Vietnam pointed out that article 20 of the Paris agreement stipulates that foreign countries must "totally withdraw from and refrain from reintroducing . . . military advisers and military personnel, armaments, munitions and war material" into Cambodia and Laos. The official US response states that the Paris agreement also enjoins its signatories to respect the 1954 Geneva accords on Cambodia, article seven of which permits the Cambodian government to solicit foreign military aid "for the purpose of the effective defense of the territory." The same passage in the Geneva accords is being cited by the United States to justify its continued air attacks here. A fallback position for the United States in the event that its military mission here is compelled to leave may be to rely on Thai surrogates, as has been done in Laos for years. Cambodian infantry and special forces units have been secretly training in Thailand since 1971 at American expense. Thai military teams are now stationed here and more are expected to arrive during the months ahead. Despite the Paris agreement, Thai troops have also been authorized to cross the border into northwestern Cambodia.

If the Cambodian army depends on the United States for survival, its officers have been enriching themselves to such an extent on American aid that they are said to surpass local Chinese merchants as the wealthiest class in town. Their wealth is apparent in their new suburban villas, in the sleek Mercedes that clog Pnompenh's streets and in their presence at the city's fancier French restaurants. The irony is that many of the same officers, Lon Nol and his brother among them, formerly earned handsome profits peddling weapons and rice to the Vietcong. Some senior soldiers reportedly still sell guns and other hardware to their enemies—the going price for an M-16 rifle, for instance, is $20—but the most lucrative form of army corruption is padding military payrolls with nonexistent troops. Although the army's total strength on paper has sometimes been put as high as 300,000 men, its real size is probably half that number. And since a private's monthly wage is $20, commanders can pocket in the neighborhood of three million dollars every payday. Officers have been found listing their wives, concubines, children and even servants on their payrolls. One unit supposed to number 2000 men was discovered to have only 84 soldiers. In another case an officer fearing exposure suddenly reported that 733 of his thousand troops had deserted within a month. Under pressure from the US mission here, the army recently appointed financial examiners. But General Lon Non's unit, a brigade group, has been somehow exempted from investigation. The few officers found guilty are likely to receive gentle treatment since, as a government spokesman explained, severe punishment is alien to Cambodian mores. It is also obvious that the arrest of every guilty commander would wreck the country's already feeble military establishment.

Supporters of Nixon's invasion of Cambodia still argue that his action successfully prevented a major offensive by the North Vietnamese and Vietcong against South Vietnam. But if the Saigon regime gained a bit of time, Cambodia was sacrificed. It is now a ravaged land and even a cease-fire, should it come, will be too late.

Stanley Karnow

MR. KARNOW, *former diplomatic correspondent of* The Washington Post, *reports for NBC.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nixon Watch

How It Works

The reporters who accompanied the President from Washington to California on February 8 wanted to know on the morning of Monday, February 12 why he had decided to return to Washington that afternoon instead of staying, as he had said he would, at the Western White House in San Clemente at least until midweek and probably until early the following week. An irritated journalist barked at Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, "Did anyone ask him why?" and Ziegler answered: "I asked why. He said, 'Because I want to go back at 4 o'clock.' He could have said, 'I am going back for a specific reason,' but he didn't. That is why I have told you there is no specific reason I would point to. That is how it works."

And that indeed is how it often works, notwithstanding the common difficulty of believing that Presidents ever do anything for trivial and personal reasons. Mr. Nixon's second devaluation of the dollar was announced in Washington while he was flying back and he had his picture taken with Treasury Secretary George Shultz the next morning. The logical and favored supposition was that the President had concluded that it wouldn't look well for him to be way off there in California while the American dollar was sinking in the world money markets and this and other extreme measures were being taken and prepared to improve the country's deteriorating international trade situation. But, according to Secretary Shultz, the President decided upon devaluation two days before he made his choice between going to his home in California and his home in Florida and left on six hours' notice for San Clemente. He kept in telephone touch with Shultz and, as Ziegler said in San Clemente, "he doesn't have to go back to Washington to conduct economic conversations." A radio address to the nation preceding a message to Congress on environmental protective measures could have been made as easily from San Clemente as from Washington. On the President's first day back at the Washington White House, an establishment that he increasingly seems to consider more a fortress than a home, he remarked with pleasure that the weather was better in the capital than it was in California and said, with some injustice to his home state, that "it was really cold out there."

The power of presidential whim, a factor in affairs that has mightily multiplied since the voters in 49 of the 50 states chose Richard Nixon in preference to George McGovern last November, was illustrated by the appearance in San Clemente of Caspar Weinberger, the President's third secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare and the last of his second-term Cabinet nominees to be confirmed by the Senate. Weinberger arrived in an air force Jetstar on Sunday night and took his oath in Mr. Nixon's presence Monday morning, shortly after the President's intention to go back at 4 o'clock because he wanted to go back at 4 o'clock was announced. The President made occasion to congratulate himself upon choosing in Weinberger a man of "great intelligence" and "great compassion" who "believes in solving problems" and "does not believe in wasting money in solving problems." Queried on the cost of Weinberger's fast shuttle from and back to Washington, Press Secretary Ziegler said with airy indifference that the flight cost of a Jetstar probably runs to $600 or maybe $625 an hour. To a President who on his own trip to California had just made his first flight in a new Boeing jet acquired at a cost of $10 million, this was peanuts.

Mr. Nixon said at a press conference on January 31 that he wasn't going to exploit the coming release of American prisoners of war by the North Vietnamese. It was a wise and decent decision and he stuck to it, while missing no chance in Washington and California to proclaim again and again his conviction that the majority of Americans, excepting "so-called better people" who persisted in criticizing his Vietnam policy, shared his belief that he had achieved "peace with honor." Watching the televised arrival of the first prisoners in the Philippines, I figured that the President would get into the act somehow without breaking his pledge to stay out of it, and he did when Colonel Robinson Risner, a pilot who was shot down and captured in 1965, telephoned the Western White House from Clark Field and said he wanted to speak to Mr. Nixon. The result was a happy and quickly publicized conversation in which Colonel Risner told the President that "all of the men would like to meet you personally to express their gratitude" and the President got a chance to refer once again to "an honorable end to the Vietnam situation." Ronald Ziegler explained the event as follows: "Let me emphasize this: Colonel Risner initiated the call on his own . . . There was no prior discussion with us about the fact that he was going to initiate the phone call. The phone call came in . . . and the President said, 'I want to return the call. I would like to talk with him if he is calling.' That is how it came about."

At the White House to which the President returned, his staff was in the process of getting through and over a feeling that his wants had more to do with whether they did or didn't remain in his service for the second term than their past services and loyalty to him did. A senior assistant who survived the reorganization and modest reduction of the staff that Mr. Nixon initiated the day after he was reelected acknowledged with unusual candor that he and his associates had been put through "a very low period" and were just beginning to recover some of the zest and confidence that they previously had and that they had expected the Nixon victory to enhance rather than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diminish. A good deal of private pain and some tragedy attended the transition. A case in point, complicated by the continuing effort to preserve the President from any evidence that he could have had anything to do with or known about the burglary, spying and political sabotage that occurred during his campaign for reelection, is that of Mr. Nixon's appointments secretary and devoted assistant, Dwight Chapin. I, for instance, recently reported as fact that Chapin is leaving the staff for a job with United Airlines because of his inability to deny some involvement in the disgraceful campaign proceedings. Yet I'm told by trusted White House friends that Chapin really was looking for a private job before the scandal stories began to break last summer. I believe it, but I also have to believe that Chapin's departure has been welcomed if not demanded by the President and his stern and reticent chief of staff, Bob Haldeman.

A typical victim of another sort is Peter M. Flanigan, who recently suffered a required removal from the prestigious West Wing of the White House, where the President has his principal office, to the adjoining Executive Office Building. Peter Flanigan is that rare White House type, a very senior assistant who will admit it when he becomes a bit less senior. When he was told that the question of what the office move meant was bound to arise and was asked what he'd say it meant, he replied: "Sure. It means that while I'm still an assistant to the President, my responsibilities aren't as broad as those that George Shultz [who doubles as Treasury secretary and White House assistant], John Ehrlichman and Henry Kissinger have. In this somewhat Byzantine town, it probably indicates that there's a difference among assistants to the President." Flanigan is completing a study of what to do about the nation's developing shortages of coal, oil and natural gas. As director of the Council on International Economic Policy, he is neck-deep in formulation of the President's plans to toughen up tariff and other protective trade measures. All of that, he says with every show of content, is enough to keep any one man busy and in fair fettle.

The new occupant of Flanigan's previous West Wing office is Kenneth Cole, aged 35, a comer and riser in the Nixon power-house. He recently succeeded John Ehrlichman, the still-ascendant assistant for domestic affairs, as director of the Domestic Council and took over from Vice President Agnew the responsibility for communication and liaison with governors, mayors and county officials. The reaction to the latter change among Republican governors who visited the President the other day provided an interesting index to the Vice President's standing with them and at the White House. They welcomed the change, saying that at long last they have in Kenneth Cole a White House friend and contact who is where the action is.

John Osborne

Checking the MIRV Race

One Last Try

The ABM treaty prevents the US or the USSR from having missile defenses that protect their territories and threaten each other's deterrent. That is why MIRVs (multiple warheads capable of being aimed at separate targets) have moved into first place as the greatest stimulus to the arms race and its most destabilizing element. Although without ABMs all retaliatory missile warheads have a free ride to targets in the Soviet Union, fears still abound that Russian ICBMs armed with accurate MIRVs could, in the future, threaten our Minuteman missiles. Although US submarine missiles and bombers could still deliver a knockout retaliatory punch, the potential vulnerability of our land-based ICBMs still spurs the arms race, and because of the advantage MIRVs give to an initiator of a nuclear strike the risk of nuclear war is increased.

During SALT I, the US proposed a ban on MIRV testing and deployment accompanied by extensive, albeit ineffective, onsite inspections to verify the ban. The Russians, in turn, suggested a production ban without any inspection provisions. No serious attempt was made to reconcile the two positions. As a consequence, the SALT I agreements put no restraints on MIRVs, and afterward the Nixon administration even sought accelerated MIRV development. In his post-SALT presentation to Congress last June, Secretary Laird asked for funds for "hard target" MIRVs, that is, MIRVs with sufficient accuracy and yield to have a high probability of being able to destroy a hardened ICBM silo. Fortunately, Congress turned Laird down. I say fortunately since approval could only be viewed by the Soviets as a threat to their deterrent. Henceforth, however, the Russians are liable to suspect that any new US MIRV programs will augment the danger to their landbased missiles. For example, it is reported that the new defense budget has about $100 million for the development of new missile reentry vehicles; this can only look like an attempt to improve missile accuracy now that ABMs have been limited. The Defense Department is also reportedly seeking in its FY 74 budget the option to expand the Minuteman MIRV program from 550 missiles to the entire force of 1000.

Meanwhile, the Soviets have yet to test a true MIRV system despite perennial forecasts that this was imminent, or had occurred. Such testing can be expected at any time, given Russian technological capabilities. In fact, because of the larger payloads of their missiles, it should be much easier for them to get accurate, hard target MIRVs than it is for the US. Today, they have about 275 large SS-9 launchers and slightly less than 40 even larger silos under construction. The first test of a new Soviet SS-9 type missile was reported by Secretary Laird on January 8, and the giant silos may be destined

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to hold it. But the first MIRV test is yet to come. As long as their MIRV capability is limited to this new missile and the 40 very large silos, then, regardless of the characteristics of the system, the number will be insufficient to endanger our Minuteman force. Once all SS-9s are equipped with more than three MIRVs apiece, however, the Minuteman portion of our deterrent could be considered in jeopardy. That is why the control of MIRVs should be a top arms control objective.

Chalmers Roberts of *The Washington Post* has reported that in the opening phase of SALT II at Geneva last fall, the Russian delegation expressed an interest in controlling MIRV warheads. This is something of a surprise. It had been thought that the overwhelming US MIRV lead would make it very hard for the Soviets to agree to controls until they had at least developed a MIRV system of their own. It is too early to know how serious this feeler may have been.

The long-time US security benefits from MIRV controls would be great, and the dampening influence on the arms race could result in savings of billions of dollars in coming years. Further upgrading of our Minuteman force, either by hardening, adding more MIRVs, providing ABM defenses, or deploying mobile ICBMs, all of marginal value in any case, would be completely unjustified once the threat of MIRVs has disappeared. The potential danger from large Soviet ICBMs would have been eliminated.

While successful negotiations will undoubtedly be difficult because of the asymmetries in the programs and in the strategies of the two countries, there are approaches which are technically sound and possibly negotiable. As a starter, the US might propose a ban on production, testing and further deployment of MIRVs using national means of verification (mostly satellites), thus combining the US and Russian SALT I proposals. Since the Russians have not yet tested MIRVs, we could adequately monitor a comprehensive ban through the test phase, without onsite inspections. While the US has tested MIRVs, albeit without the accuracy needed for a first strike, the Soviets have never expressed any desire for onsite inspections to verify what we say we are doing or not doing.

What I am suggesting would leave the US with a tremendous advantage in numbers of deployed warheads, so we might have to make some other concession in exchange. For example, the Soviets might be allowed to keep their advantage in numbers of ICBMs and SLBMs and missile payload permitted by the interim agreement. This ought to satisfy Senator Jackson, whose objection to SALT I was that the Russians could catch up with us in MIRV technology, while we were not allowed to match their numbers and payload. The US could even afford to remove MIRVs from the already deployed Minuteman III missiles (approximately 250 are now converted). We could afford to, but I doubt that we will; nations are reluctant to destroy weapons on which they have spent large sums, even though the weapons are not necessary for their security.

The gains from MIRV controls are very high. We must not further expand our own programs such as Minuteman III or hard target MIRVs, which no longer have any strategic rationale, thereby slamming the door which may have been opened a crack by the Russians at Geneva. The essence of negotiating is to take advantage of every lead put out by the other party. If we fail to explore every reasonable negotiating possibility, we will be gambling with our security.

Herbert Scoville, Jr.

Mr. Scoville, Jr. *has been assistant director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.*

Goldfarb vs. Virginia State Bar

Price-Fixing Lawyers

by Mark J. Green

Ever since the *Trenton Potteries* case of 1927, price-fixing has been a *per se* criminal activity under the antitrust laws. If Alcoa and Reynolds agreed to charge no less than a specified minimum price for aluminum, the Justice Department would seek an indictment, fines and perhaps jail sentences. But when local lawyers through bar associations fix their prices by a similar compact, they receive not fines but profits.

Although the idea of minimum fee schedules first surfaced long ago (the bar of Sedgwick County, Kan-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sas adopted one in 1872: wills brought $10, uncontested divorces $25 and contested ones $50), it was not until the 1950s that they flourished. "The gods help those who help themselves," said one advocate in 1959. That same year a representative of the Minnesota bar reported that members' income had more than doubled in the eight years since institution of minimum fee schedules. By 1965 Philip Haberman, executive director of the Wisconsin state bar, said that "obviously and desirably a fee schedule will tend to increase the income of lawyers," adding that within 18 months of the schedule's implementation in Wisconsin, "the overall net take-home pay of our lawyers . . . went up in excess of 10 percent."

Thirty-four states and about 800 local associations today use minimum fee schedules. Nearly every conceivable area of the law has been covered by these agreements. For example, the Washington, DC "Survey of Minimum Fees" includes criminal and civil litigation, domestic relations, trusts and estates, organization of corporations and partnerships, and bankruptcy. You cannot get a lawyer to handle an uncontested divorce for less than $250 in Denver, $600 in New Canaan or $1000 in Sacramento; a simple title search will get at least $150 in Birmingham, $300 in Columbus and $350 in Jacksonville. While the probate of a will involving more than $750,000 can cost $60,000 in legal fees in some areas, it goes for $9000 in others; bankruptcies vary from $100 to $650. Thus, these schedules lead not only to inflated prices (by limiting price competition among lawyers), but to divergent prices in different areas for similar services.

The cost? If one estimates that minimum fees control a third of the six billion dollar annual legal services bill, and that effective price-fixing arrangements inflate prices 10 percent above competitive rates (as Mr. Haberman indicated), bar association price-fixing may redistribute some $200 million annually from client-consumers to lawyer-producers. This affects not so much the very poor (who have legal aid) or the very rich (who pay far above minimum fees), but the middle class.

Bar associations and lawyers do not, of course, publicly justify minimum fee schedules by such monetary computations. Instead, they creatively deploy a series of public interest arguments.

► *According to one ABA publication, "the profession will not attract and keep men [sic] of ability and high intellectual attainment unless an adequate financial reward is provided."* This argument assumes that a) extra income should be shifted from clients to lawyers in the form of higher legal fees, since the "reward" has to come from somewhere, and b) there should be a policy preference for lawyers over other occupations, since a higher quality in one area (given a finite quantity of talent) means by definition a lower quality elsewhere. It is not self-evident, however, that clients should be compelled to be so charitable or that we need more talented people in law than in, say, medicine, architecture, business or government.

► *Higher fees will lead to higher quality representation.* Even if true, some people don't want the quality of a Cadillac but the economy of a Volvo, expecting less by paying less because they can't afford more. Denying the inexpensive service artificially restricts consumer choice.

► *National, state and local bar associations say these fees are merely recommendations.* The ABA urges use of "suggested minimum fee" or a "similar phrase." Yet fee-setting below these minima can expose the lawyer to disciplinary action by the bar. Since most lawyers shun such risks to their good standing, "suggested" fees become, in effect, compulsory fees.

► *Fee schedules provide useful information for both the lawyer and client.* If the purpose is to relay consumer information, why are bar associations so concerned to emphasize that these fee schedules are minimums (which put a floor under profits) rather than maximums (which would put a ceiling on profits)? A less anti-competitive way to relay fee information would be to publish a survey of the average fees charged in an area, without prohibitions on undercharging. Also, I doubt whether clients ever ask for, or see, minimum fee schedules, unless a lawyer wants to justify his fee by telling the client, "I am charging you the lowest fee the bar permits me to charge."

► *Fee schedules discourage unethical advertising and solicitation to get legal business.* But restrictions against advertising and solicitation keep many people from learning about the availability and cost of legal services.

► *Lawyers form a profession, not "a mere money-making trade," and it would be crassly commercial to permit price comparisons and fee bartering.* Since they "were promulgated at a time when lawyers were expressing concern that their incomes were insufficient," notes the March 1972 *Harvard Law Review*, "fee schedules may *contribute* to a commercial image of the profession." Rather than avoiding the taint of commercialism, the following passage from *A Lawyer's Practice Manual* seems to flaunt it:

> If packaging is important for commodities, it certainly should be for the fee schedule. A fee schedule should be in an attractive folder, preferably evidencing a degree of dignity and substance. A black leather cover with gold lettering, or even a dignified, all-black cover, is more desirable than a plain, though neat, paper cover.

Lewis Goldfarb objected to the leather and gold

MARK GREEN *is the director of the Corporate Accountability Research Group in Washington, DC, and editor of the forthcoming* Corporate Power in America *(with Ralph Nader) and* The Monopoly Makers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lettering. Goldfarb wanted to buy a home in Fairfax Co., Virginia. In order to obtain a mortgage, he had to retain a Virginia attorney to conduct a title search. Nineteen lawyers quoted him a fee of $522.50 for the title search on his $54,000 home; all refused to go below it. "It is the policy of this office," wrote one, "to keep our charges in line with the minimum fee schedule of the local bar association." But unlike thousands before him who had grumbled and paid, Goldfarb, a Federal Trade Commission attorney, filed a lawsuit against the state and local bar association for illegal price-fixing under the antitrust laws. Despite an impressive array of defense counsel (including the attorney general's office of Virginia and Edward Bennett Williams' Washington law firm, among others), Judge Albert Bryan, Jr. agreed with Goldfarb's contentions: "Minimum fee schedules," he wrote in his January 5 opinion, "are a form of price-fixing and therefore inconsistent with antitrust statutes prohibiting anti-competitive activities."

The decision was the first of its kind striking down a minimum fee schedule, but it also has a glaring omission, as pointed out by Goldfarb's lawyer, Alan Morrison of Public Citizen: Judge Bryan focused on the minimum fee schedule of the Fairfax County association, a private voluntary association not exempt from the antitrust laws; but he implied that fee schedules of the Virginia state bar were not in violation of the law. A 1943 case, *Parker v. Brown*, indicated that certain "state" activities can be exempt from the antitrust laws; thus, to the extent the Virginia state bar is considered a "state administrative agency," Bryan's decision may encourage the minimum fee schedule process to move from nonexempt local bar associations to exempt state bar associations. Since there are 37 states with "integrated" or "unified bars," where all lawyers must join the state bar and follow its rules, Judge Bryan's decision appears to be a pyrrhic victory for critics of minimum fee schedules.

The Justice Department is not unaware of this general issue. According to the unpublished history of Justice now housed at the LBJ library in Austin, Attorney General Ramsey Clark in 1965 wrote Cullen Smith, chairman of the ABA committee on the economics of law practice, to complain that minimum fees seemed mandatory and anti-competitive, not merely suggestive. Then, with a solicitousness not accorded other price-fixing schemes, the antitrust division, which had raised the issue, resolved it. It drafted for an ABA publication an exculpatory paragraph explaining that fee-cutting *alone* would not be considered unethical and grounds for disciplinary action. It was a meaningless resolution, since the schedules still facilitated and encouraged price-setting, but Clark seemed satisfied. He wrote Smith: "May I offer my thanks on the minimum fee schedule problem. We are all very pleased with your draft statement." Clark should have been, since his department wrote it. An internal antitrust division memorandum two years later, however, called it "a lousy statement" and noted that since the ABA statement, they had "gotten complaints about abuse of minimum fee schedules in Detroit, Hartford, Connecticut, Illinois, San Francisco, Wisconsin and New York State."

In 1970, ABA President Bernard Segal announced that, on the advice of the then antitrust chief Richard McLaren, disciplinary actions would no longer be brought against fee-cutters. This was progress, to be sure. But as the Supreme Court ruled in the 1969 *Container Corporation* case, even voluntary exchanges of price information were illegal if they facilitated parallel pricing; and the ABA move did not have any apparent impact on local fee schedules of long-standing and the back-up sanctions to enforce them. Bruce Wilson, currently the number two man in the antitrust division, warned in March 1972 that "such schedules appear to limit individual competitive freedom in a manner inconsistent with the goals of the Sherman Act." And again, on January 24, 1973 the head of the antitrust division, Tom Kauper, told a New York audience that "fee-fixing by lawyers can run afoul of the antitrust laws. It may well be that our next warning will be in the form of a complaint." The Justice Department in the past few years has moved against other professionals—architects, civil and professional engineers, accountants, pathologists—for a variety of fee setting and other anti-competitive practices, but still *not* against lawyers.

Why no action? One former division lawyer years ago attributed it to a kind of professional blindness. "Lawyers, who seemingly wrote upon everything under the sun," observed Philip Marcus, "have abstained from writing about [or prosecuting] restraints in their own . . . profession."

The issue of lawyers' price-fixing is not unique. Jethro Liebman's valuable book, *The Tyranny of the Professionals*, elaborates these professional restrictions by which members create their own monopoly. Many groups have recently realized the benefits of designating themselves as a profession. In addition to lawyers, doctors and pharmacists, the following services are now licensed by more than 40 states: embalmers, funeral directors, accountants, architects, engineers, insurance brokers, real-estate brokers, teachers, surveyors, barbers, beauticians and cosmetologists. Over 75 percent of state licensing boards are composed exclusively of members of the licensed occupation. The rules and regulations which result often serve to profit the profession rather than protect the public. Advertising is banned, entry into the "profession" restricted, lay technicians prohibited and prepaid services discouraged—all anti-competitive practices which lead to higher consumer prices.

Or as George Bernard Shaw observed, "All professions are conspiracies against the laity."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spillover from the Watergate

Misusing the FBI

by Walter Pincus

The Federal Bureau of Investigation passed along confidential information on antiwar groups and activities to the Committee to Re-elect the President during the past campaign, according to sworn testimony and exhibits presented at the recently completed trial of the five men caught bugging Democratic Party headquarters in the Watergate office building in Washington. A former assistant FBI director, who served under J. Edgar Hoover, termed the giving of bureau information directly to a political organization "improper" and something "unheard of" during the years that he was at the agency. Though it is possible the passing of information began before Hoover died last May, another former top Hoover aide, now retired, denies that it did. He added that proof of such a distribution of FBI material would be another sign of partisan politicizing of the bureau since the appointment of J. Patrick Gray III as acting director.

Gray's office spokesman, when specifically asked about giving information to the Nixon reelection committee, said "no comment." Three days earlier, when the question was first put, the spokesman—before checking—said he was almost certain no such activity had taken place.

The passing of information to the President's reelection organization is one more item to be looked into by the Senate Judiciary Committee if Gray—or any other political figure—is named to permanently succeed Hoover as FBI director. For the partisan political tilt of the FBI over the past nine months became predictable when the supposedly nonpartisan national police apparatus was turned over during a campaign year to an individual whose main claim to the job was his political links to the President. Those links became critical little more than a month later when the President's own staff and campaign organization were connected to the Watergate bugging and, later, to sabotage directed against Democratic candidates.

Gray's permanent appointment to be Hoover's successor, which once was promised for the day after Nixon's reelection, has yet to take place. The White House is not acknowledging any second thoughts, but the list of difficult questions that would be raised by a Gray appointment grows longer.

Giving information to the President's reelection committee. During the Watergate trial Robert Odle, who served as administration director for the reelection group, testified he hired James McCord, Jr., (one of those convicted at the trial) to serve as the organization's security chief. McCord, who had worked for the FBI and CIA, was a part-time committee consultant in late 1971 and became full-time in January 1972. In describing McCord's function in preparing security measures for the committee's offices and speakers, Odle said McCord was "plugged in" to the FBI as well as the Secret Service. The "plugged in" to the bureau aspect was developed during McCord's brief defense. One of his former assistants on the Nixon committee, Robert Lee Houston, was asked to describe his duties under McCord's supervision. "Part of my instructions were to receive and record information from outside police sources," Houston testified. What sources he was asked? "The information I got came from the Federal Bureau, the Internal Security Division [of the Justice Department]" and various police forces. McCord's attorney then submitted for the trial record a handful of reports McCord filed with his superiors, including several dated in May 1972, shortly after Gray took over the FBI. The reports selected, apparently, from a hundred or more McCord wrote, focused on the potential for violence against Nixon headquarters facilities. But a "confidential" memo dated 30 May 1972 on the Vietnam Veterans Against the War began in traditional FBI summary form: "A confidential source of known reliability has advised this date that an unidentified representative of the McGovern for President Committee attended a meeting of VVAW recently and advised that the McGovern Committee is leasing a station wagon for the VVAW" to use for campaigning purposes. The memo also carried a short summary of the background of the VVAW—again the type of material found in an FBI summary. Houston, who still works for the reelection committee, would not comment further on his testimony. Another reelection committee official, who was in direct contact with the security operation during the campaign, confirmed that McCord regularly dealt with an FBI agent who gave the committee information on groups or individuals who at some point might pose a problem to the Nixon campaign organization.

It is not difficult to rationalize the reelection committee's relationship with the Secret Service—the McCord memos show that discussions took place on setting up identification systems for the Republican convention. As for Justice's Internal Security Division, it has acknowledged that information relating to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

convention, and the possibilities for violence there, was given to the Republicans and the Democrats as well. But there is no such reason or known precedent for the bureau to provide the Nixon committee with any confidential information.

The conduct of the Watergate investigation by the FBI. It has never been made clear exactly who ordered the FBI into the Watergate case and when. It was supposedly done at least two days after the Watergate break-in, when E. Howard Hunt's ties were disclosed publicly—ties to the White House (where he had an office and had been paid as a consultant) and to the Watergate wiretappers (Hunt's name and White House telephone were listed in two of their address books). But court testimony by one DC police officer identified FBI agents on the Watergate scene by 2 pm on June 17, *the afternoon of the break-in*, some 14 hours after police first captured the five burglars. According to a deposition (in another court action) of White House aide Charles Colson (who hired Hunt for the White House and was a personal friend), the President's top domestic adviser John Ehrlichman was looking for Hunt in connection with the Watergate episode "late in the afternoon" of June 17. Watergate trial testimony showed the FBI was looking for Hunt at his office June 19.

Despite this apparent fast start in getting into the inquiry there are signs the bureau's effort then slowed down considerably in some areas. G. Gordon Liddy (another of the convicted wiretappers) was not approached by the bureau until June 28. Hugh Sloan, Jr., treasurer of the President's reelection finance committee, was not interviewed until July 17, three days after he resigned his treasurer's position. Finally Tom Gregory, the college student recruited by Hunt to spy on Muskie and McGovern headquarters was not interviewed by the FBI until December 21 (three months after the Watergate indictments), at which time, according to Gregory, "I felt he [the FBI agent] didn't know very much of what he was asking about."

Gray kept the White House informed of Watergate case developments as they occurred. Gray's spokesman, however, has refused to disclose how this was handled. (Gray had precedent. When, during the Johnson administration, the FBI investigated Johnson's former Senate aide Robert G. Baker, a weekly summary was prepared for the White House by Herbert Miller, then assistant attorney general in charge of the criminal division. In turn the FBI gave daily summaries of *its* reports on Baker to Miller.)

There are indications that not only the White House but Gray himself was displeased with the amount of information that has leaked to the press from the FBI Watergate investigation. Four key FBI officials associated with the direction of the inquiry have since been transferred, either out of Washington or, in the case of one, to another agency entirely. There has been more than one press article, such as one in *Newsweek*, which speculated that "Gray knows too much (or too little) about the Watergate investigation and the President is not about to let him face a bank of curious Democratic senators at a confirmation hearing until the Watergate scandal has been laid to rest permanently—and perhaps not even then."

Gray's political activities. The acting director has yet to be questioned publicly about his speechmaking two or three times a week during the presidential campaign. Though he sought to justify his appearances as routine travels to various local FBI headquarters, the surrogate campaigning that he in fact did suggests the political character of the man. One former FBI official has alleged that in at least two instances Gray was encouraged by memo to accept already outstanding invitations that fit into the pattern of surrogate speeches established by the White House. A Gray appointment would raise the question of another political use of the bureau—a request by White House aide Ehrlichman that was sent out to 14 FBI field offices for information to be used in presidential campaign speeches. Almost two months after the request was filled its existence became public. Gray, in a background interview with *The Washington Post*, placed the blame on Assistant Director Thomas Bishop, now retired. Bishop is said to have been given the White House request by Gray's personal aide David Kinley (Gray was in Butte, Montana giving a speech) and to have cleared it with W. Mark Felt, Gray's top operating official. No one other than Bishop seems to have been rebuked.

Gray's public relations. From the outset of his selection for the bureau job, Gray has built his political fences by adroit use of public relations. A flurry of well-advertised moves—women agents, approving modification of the strict Hoover dress code, setting up an equal employment section—got him headlines. His backgrounding of newsmen on transfers of agents and FBI officials, however, backfired within the bureau. And the flattering articles (which placed Hoover in a lesser light) that have appeared in *Parade* magazine, a 14 million-circulation Sunday supplement, went down badly with bureau old-timers who knew that the father of Gray's young aide David D. Kinley was the president of the company publishing *Parade*.

The delay in naming any permanent successor to Hoover is having a disturbing effect on the bureau. Anti-Gray elements within the FBI talk more openly about his failings. Reporters for example are encouraged to look into the costs of Gray's campaign-time travels by private air force jet, accompanied by his wife. "They run almost $500,000," one FBI official suggested recently, tying it to an economy cutback being applied to in-service bureau training. In short a closely run, necessary, investigative organization is beginning to fall apart while waiting for the President to make up his mind on his friend Gray or someone else.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Family Assistance Plan

Workfare/Welfare

by Richard P. Nathan

The day after his August 8, 1969 television address on his "New Federalism" domestic program, President Nixon called in the group that had developed the Family Assistance Plan (I was a member) to thank us for our work. As the conversation went along, one member suggested that we be assigned another similar task, such as studying farm subsidies. No, said the President, the work of welfare reform has just begun; the hardest part is still ahead. He was right.

One of the most useful ways to review what happened in the three-year effort to achieve that reform is to focus on a key element in the controversy—the work requirement. For a rereading of the history of the Family Assistance Plan suggests that lack of clarity and agreement about the role of the work requirement had a great deal to do with the ultimate outcome.

First we need to look at the viewpoint of liberals, most of whom see a work requirement in welfare as "window dressing," a way of appealing to moderates and conservatives, but a requirement which would have relatively little effect in actual practice, and would be demeaning to the poor if it did. Senators Ribicoff and McGovern and liberal Republicans in the Nixon administration (especially at HEW) appreciated the political reasons for a work requirement, but they did not expect—or maybe want—it to be effective. Liberals within the administration particularly—Daniel P. Moynihan was one—regarded FAP as the President's major progressive social reform. To them the work requirement was a way to mollify possible opponents, not as central to the administration's new "*income strategy*" for assisting the poor.

We know, however, that the President *did* take the "*work*" in "*Workfare*" very seriously. It was highlighted in his original plan. In deliberations on FAP within the administration, one of the most important decisions that the President saw himself as making was to combine the ideas of HEW Secretary Finch and of Moynihan on assisting all families equally, with the idea of Arthur Burns that there should be a strict, *bona fide* work requirement. But the press and the public saw FAP as a victory for liberals within the administration and read into it advocacy by the President of a guaranteed minimum income. They were wrong.

RICHARD P. NATHAN, *now a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, is the former deputy under secretary of HEW for welfare reform.*

The President kept saying this was not so, that his plan was *not* a guaranteed income. His original August 11, 1969 message to the Congress hit the point hard. He said there are four alternatives to deal with the "intolerable" welfare situation. One was to do nothing; a second was to "tinker" with the present programs; the third was a "guaranteed minimum income for everyone"; and the fourth a "totally new approach." He rejected the first three. His plan for families combined a new (then not in the law) national work requirement, a mechanism for job referral and placement, and the coverage of a new group of recipients, "the working poor." (This term refers to intact families headed by working males with income so low and family size so large that they are worse off than female-headed families receiving welfare.) Rejecting the guaranteed income concept, the President said specifically: "This national floor under incomes for working or dependent families is not a "guaranteed" income. . . . During the Presidential campaign last year, I opposed such a plan. I oppose it now and I will continue to oppose it, for this reason: A guaranteed income would undermine the incentive to work; the family assistance plan that I propose increases the incentive to work. A guaranteed income establishes a right without any responsibilities; family assistance recognizes a need and establishes a responsibility. It provides help to those in need, and in turn, requires that those who receive help work to the extent of their capabilities. There is no reason why a person should be taxed so that another can choose to live idly."

To the extent that jobs are available, and adding funds to create 200,000 new jobs for welfare mothers, the President's aim was to match welfare-family heads with work opportunities. If necessary FAP would provide for manpower training and child care services to facilitate job readiness. Under these conditions the Family Assistance Plan, as envisioned by the President, *required* that employable welfare-family heads accept job placement or be penalized by the amount of the assistance payment to which the family head (not the children) would otherwise be entitled.

As the months and years rolled by, the President became more and more emphatic about the work requirement and what he called the work ethic. For example in a speech to the nation's governors in December 1970, he dramatized his point by saying that employable welfare-family heads should be required

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to empty bed pans if that was the only job available. Many welfare reformers attributed these statements to a change of heart for which they criticized the President sharply.

But there is another way of looking at the President's personal role: that he truly intended a middle-ground plan to win liberal and conservative support, and that he was trying to give a strong signal, particularly to his own troops, that he meant what he said: Workfare was *Work*fare. This, for example, is what Senator Ribicoff argued in his review of Moynihan's book on FAP (*The New Republic*, February 17, 1973).

The House, notably Chairman Wilbur Mills of the Ways and Means Committee, accepted the President's ideas about a "balanced" plan. In 1971 Mills went to great lengths to add the so-called "Opportunities for Families Program" (OFP) component to FAP. OFP was nothing more than the machinery to make the work requirement work. It assigned responsibility for all families headed by an employable person—not to HEW and the welfare bureaucrats—but to the secretary of Labor. He was given the authority and resources to establish special screening, placement, job creation and training programs to give substance to the idea that in order for a family to receive assistance it must first demonstrate that it is willing to do all it can to support itself.

This was the President's point. FAP was not a guarantee because in the President's (and Mills') view if you don't work you aren't eligible. To a great many listeners this was semantics. It was not semantics in the White House. Furthermore national surveys clearly showed that unless the work requirement was a strong one, any plan that expanded welfare caseloads would be rejected by public opinion.

To understand the significance of this difference in attitude on the work requirement, we must go back to the theory of the income maintenance reformers. That theory says that welfare should be structured so that every eligible, employable family head is treated equally and has an incentive to work. Supporters of reform called attention to the illogic of earlier programs which took away a dollar in benefits for every dollar in additional earnings. Why, they asked, would anyone work under these conditions, particularly since it costs money to go to work? There would be a net loss from working!

Both liberals and conservatives were concerned about this problem. Economist Milton Friedman for this reason advocated welfare changes like FAP—*though with conditions*. His conditions were, first, that the so-called reduction rate or tax rate in welfare be sufficiently low so there is a strong incentive to earn additional income through work. (The reduction rate refers to the proportion of welfare subtracted from income for every dollar of additional earnings.) To Friedman any reduction rate for welfare *above* 50 percent—that is, where the recipient gets to keep less than 50 cents out of each dollar of additional earnings—is too high. His second condition was that other income-tested social programs (for example subsidized housing, day care, school lunches and food stamps, where fees to recipients rise with earnings) be abolished. In effect these benefits would be replaced with cash on a basis where the reduction rate across-the-board is below 50 percent. Then, he concluded, there would be real incentives to work and fairness to all.

But the rub in FAP was that the tax rate was not that low. Combined with social security taxes, the reduction rate in FAP came to 72 percent for poor families in industrial states for income above their first $1000 per year in earnings. Furthermore Friedman's second condition was not really addressed. Other programs that provide social benefits to the poor related to income (with the exception of food stamps) stayed in place under FAP. The result was that a family aided under multiple social programs, each of which takes a slice out of every additional dollar in earnings, could face a cumulative tax rate for social programs of well over 100 percent as Senator John Williams of Delaware doggedly and persistently demonstrated in the 91st Congress. Unless the work requirement worked, which is what the President wanted, the new plan could not really be considered "Workfare." To give a concrete illustration, even with FAP in place, welfare recipient Mrs. Jones would find that out of each dollar above $1000 in her earnings the government would take away 67 cents to be subtracted from her welfare; six cents for social security taxes; 13 cents on the average for other taxes; and if she lived in public housing and was participating in Medicaid, as much as another five cents. That would leave her a net gain of 10 cents in real income. In some situations these reductions can be even higher—not even her 10 cents worth would remain.

Nevertheless theorists of income maintenance on the liberal side (which is to say, most of the reformers) insisted that the work requirement was unfeasible and even undesirable. Most in this group would have preferred to have it eliminated, although they accepted it as long as it was understood as a preachment and a symbol, not something you could or should enforce. They saw a work requirement as extremely expensive, needing an enormous bureaucracy to determine who is employable and keep track of them, difficult to police and at the same time easy to evade.

Beyond this they discerned a moral issue. Would

COMING: The energy crisis, what it is and isn't— a report by Eliot Marshall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you require black women to work as housemaids for suburban whites, as fieldhands, charwomen and at other menial jobs without opportunity for advancement? Really enforcing a work requirement could produce a dangerous form of welfare servitude based on race. This is the nub of the reason why both the work requirement in FAP and Chairman Mills' "Opportunities for Families Program" were not taken seriously by liberals outside the government as well as within HEW and the Department of Labor.

Conservatives in the Senate, perhaps sensing a lack of unanimity and conviction on the work requirement, and concerned about the lack of available jobs for welfare family heads, were skeptical of the President's emphasis on Workfare as a characterization of his Family Assistance Plan. In the 92nd Congress, under the leadership of Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long, they took an entirely different tack. Long offered as an alternative to FAP a Federal Work Corporation that would create jobs for all employable family heads in poverty. They would not be on welfare but instead *on the job*—not a guaranteed income but a guaranteed job. In a sense his plan was a massive expansion of Mills' "Opportunities for Families Program." But coming late in the Congress, it was never considered seriously because, like FAP, it raised fundamental value questions. The biggest involved the effect of the guaranteed job approach on the labor market. If the job guarantee is at the minimum wage (Long's was three-fourths of it) and if it provides work in reasonably pleasant surroundings and with opportunities for upward mobility (all points urged by people who commented on the Long plan), then it would mean better jobs for many of the unemployed than those held by millions of workers in low-paying jobs under difficult work conditions and with no opportunity for advancement. Wouldn't they simply quit their present jobs to join the new corporation? If they did the potential effects on the labor market would be far-reaching. Without a much better understanding than we now have of these consequences, the Long plan, however appealing it may sound, is not a course of action we can embark upon at this juncture.

Where does this leave us? FAP failed and beyond that we have discovered a subtle falling out of its supporters (the President and the liberals). This situation, I submit, was traceable, not to the President's changing his mind, as Senator Ribicoff and others argue, but to the departure of FAP in the view of many supporters of welfare reform, including participants in the administration's policy processes, from the President's original design.

My own view is that we have to go back and unravel FAP and the lessons it taught us. We have dug ourselves a mighty hole—a welfare trap—that draws (yes, lures) the disadvantaged into dependency and in so doing exacerbates social tensions in the nation. This is strong language and yet not illiberal. The idea of helping people to help themselves may sound corny to some, but it is the basic point of departure for a rational social policy. If we are to do this and not just rap FAP and be done with it we must take further steps.

The toughest question of all is the tax rate-work incentive issue. I personally think it makes sense to have a work requirement, but only if it reinforces economic incentives in welfare payment schedules and isn't just a substitute for them. This is, in fact, where we ended up with FAP because there was not enough money in the system effectively to lower welfare tax rates and close out (rather cash out) other income-tested social programs.

If FAP can't make it what should we do? We are left with programs which out of a concern for humanity you can't cut but which the budget absolutely prevents being made available equally to everyone on a basis that doesn't undermine work incentives. Two good examples are Head Start child care (often costing up to $3000 per participating child per year), and subsidized housing programs (which also have limited coverage relative to the total number of persons eligible based on income).

The key ingredients of an income strategy are: 1) adequacy of benefits, 2) equity to all, and 3) work incentives, work requirements and jobs. Taking into account all of the laws now on the books, achieving this objective and making these three concepts fit together is a trick and a half.

What we need now is more research and clearer explanations of these questions. It has not been until very recently that they were at all well understood. We need to educate the public about these issues—simply, systematically and dispassionately. All of this suggests to me the need for another presidential commission on welfare-type programs to aid the poor. I say "another" because five years ago President Johnson's Heineman Commission had a similar charter. Yet a new commission would benefit greatly from the frustrating lessons of the years since. The 93rd Congress is not about to enact structural reforms of welfare. The time could be well spent in such a study and teaching effort.

In human terms the situation is different from what it was four years ago. It has had little notice but it is very significant that the food stamp program has grown from two million participants in 1968 to over 12 million today. One of the ironies of HR1 in 1972 was that because it substituted money for food stamps, many current working poor families would have ended up worse not better off under FAP.

I regret ending up calling for a study. The popular journals are full of them. But their pages are also filled with ambitious social reform proposals destined to fail of enactment. Before we can legislate a solution, we need to develop more of a consensus on the nature and causes of the problem.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Avanti!

(United Artists)

Under Milk Wood

(Altura)

No word gets tossed around more freely in film criticism than "classic." Often it means only that the picture is no longer new but still enjoyable. But if we take the term to mean—as in one of its dictionary meanings—"adhering to an established set of artistic standards," then Billy Wilder's *Avanti!* is classic. It's one of his feebler works, but it's certainly modeled on good farce principles of the last two centuries.

The script, from a play by Samuel Taylor, is by Wilder and, as usual, I. A. L. Diamond. It could be diagrammed as a model structure for a script-writing class. This is not derogation. Farce lives or dies by technique—of all kinds; and Wilder-Diamond, as well as director Wilder, know a great deal about farce technique. After all, they made one of the best farces of this century—*Some Like It Hot.*

But *Avanti!* pumps and struggles, because it's not much more than technically good. An essential ingredient of farce, as these writers know, is physical motion; people must be under some kind of urgency to get somewhere or to do something and must run into obstacles that produce physical results—even if it's only diving under a bed to hide. The initial urgency in *Avanti!* is weak. In *Some Like It Hot,* for prime instance, the two musicians are afraid of being killed; that's about as urgent an urgency as you can get. In *Avanti!* Jack Lemmon's urgency is to get his father's body home, from Ischia to Baltimore, by Tuesday in time for the funeral. Even though his father was a tycoon and the funeral will be big, it isn't enough of a mainspring. All through the film we see Lemmon and Wilder huffing and puffing to make us feel a duress that simply doesn't exist. They try so hard that it all runs 20 minutes longer than *SLIH;* length is a sign of insecurity in farce. Lemmon is—or can be, as here—an excellent *farceur.* But he's just never in enough trouble to make his agitation credible, thus funny.

And the plot complications smack of old-time viewpoints. Lemmon comes to Ischia because his father has been killed in a car crash with a woman. He discovers that, while the family had thought dad had been coming here every summer for 10 years merely to rest, he had been having an annual rendezvous with that woman, who was English. (Lemmon meets the woman's daughter, who has come to claim her mother's body . . . fill in the ending.) Lemmon's shock at his father's behavior seems dated, like his shock at the nude bathing by the daughter (Juliet Mills). Even today all these things might provide some embarrassment, but not enough for the comic anguish Lemmon goes through. And the ending, in which Mills sweetly accepts a life built around one month a year (like ma) at Ischia with Lemmon on leave from his wife, is much too slavish now even for women who are not libbed.

Wilder has often used a touch of the macabre in his farces—a very sound instinct, psychically—and often has digested them well into the comic mainstream, like the gang massacre in *SLIH.* But here the offstage killing of a valet merely makes us feel uncomfortable: first, because the man has been too well established as a character to be merely a body; second, because his death is not absolutely needed to fuel the comic machine.

But there are good things in the film: the way Wilder exploits the feeling of a lovely old hotel (as he did in *SLIH);* the way he uses vacationland light to make us feel high-spirited (as in *SLIH);* and, most particularly, the way he sculptures every scene, in script and direction. Every sequence has a sense of architecture and a final little polishing touch. For example, at the end of a mix-up at Italian passport control, Lemmon leans forward so anxiously that his nose presses against the glass of the official's booth; as Lemmon leaves, the official's hand reaches into the frame with a tissue to wipe the spot.

Wilder gets a good, sufficiently charming performance from Juliet Mills and a smooth, though rather unflavorful performance from Clive Revill, as the omniscient hotel manager. But he allows Edward Andrews to ham around as a State Department wheel. The dialogue is generally brisk, with touches of Wilder-Diamond political acidulousness, but they have lifted one line straight from Molnar's *The Play's the Thing.* Lemmon, exhausted at one point, asks the indefatigable manager when *he* sleeps. "In the winter," says Revill.

At least Wilder knows his formal sources (and he is a devout formalist). The structure is traditional farce. The body is in fine shape; it's the blood that's tired.

Long before you see *Under Milk Wood,* you know what's going to be said about it: it's not A Film. It's the kind of picture that's made once in a while (like the very different *Top Banana)* as if to

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie. Buñuel, apparently getting younger, mocks the fantasies of the stuffily corrupt with pitiless wit.

The Emigrants. Liv Ullmann. Max von Sydow. If that's not enough, some truth about 19th-century Sweden that drove people to the US.

Jeremiah Johnson. Robert Redford as a trapper in the Rockies 130 years ago, in a picture of exceptional authenticity.

Pete 'n' Tillie. Laugh-and-cry entertainment, three-quarters good. Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett as mature newlyweds.

The Ruling Class. A generally fascinating mess about a religious nut who inherits an earldom. Peter O'Toole fine, as are most of the others.

The Sorrow and the Pity. German-occupied France and France today, interwoven in a sterling four-and-a-half-hour documentary.

Traffic. Jacques Tati's latest comedy is his best: a balletic spoof about auto madness. Actually more to be looked at than laughed at.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kenneth Evett on art

The Albany Mall

Albany, New York

For unabashed imperial scale and conspicuous extravagance, Nelson Rockefeller's South Albany Mall outdoes them all. There hasn't been such a display of Roman pomp since Nero's palace or Cecil B. De Mille's sets for *Manslaughter*. Officially recommended to the taxpayers as a move toward more efficient government and the creation of an appropriate architectural symbol of the "beauty, dignity and vitality of the Empire State," the mall is a monument to the self-propagating energy of bureaucracy and a multimillion-dollar testament to the governor's bountiful but misguided patronage.

Planners of the mall were offered one of the great architectural opportunities of the century. They would have access to vast sums of money and carte blanche dominion over 95 acres of undulating terrain in old Albany, situated on high ground overlooking the Hudson River. But they had to accept the notion that 11,000 bureaucrats could function best in the hivelike proximity of one great complex, and they had to agree that an architectural gesture of grandiose scope and impressive luxury was suitable for New York State. Inevitably the clients and like-minded architects found each other. Their first design gesture was to impose one vast horizontal urban plane on the site. Part constructed platform, part graded land and fill, this common surface unifies the complex and establishes a strong foil for resident structures and the rolling hills in the distance, while it echoes the plane of the river below. Two conventional building types are used for the mall, skyscrapers, located in central positions, and monumental low-rise structures, placed along three sides of the site. Although the plan oscillates strangely between symmetry and asymmetry, it does establish a strong symmetrical axial link between the old capitol building and a structure of comparable scale, the proposed museum-library, situated a quarter of a mile away at the opposite end of the mall. This connection is defined by the forms of the grand concourse, a glamorous array of World's Fair pools, plazas, fountains, plantings, "an area for senior citizens," playgrounds and an outdoor restaurant. Below this level are the intricate innards of the five-story platform structure which will include a 2500-seat auditorium, barber shops, stores, more restaurants, a four-lane express highway, ramps, parking and a maze of up-to-date power-consuming machinery designed to provide air-conditioned comfort and computerized ease for the inhabitants. Of the five high-rise structures, four are identical and march on a line along the western boundary of the concourse. The fifth, a hackneyed steel and glass real estate structure, sits on the eastern edge of the platform and is the dominant vertical element of the scheme. These skyscrapers try hard to be something other than routine big city office buildings. They all employ a formal system of two colossal interlocking wedges, and the four identical towers even achieve a bizarre ambiguity. Each unit has a wedge-shaped vertical volume which is covered with beautiful dull green and tan Vermont marble. To this opaque mass is connected the other wedge, a transparent steel and glass cantilevered form which either wraps around, is hung upon, or interpenetrates the vertical column. It is hard to tell which form is doing what to which, and they remain fixed in an irresolute impasse.

The monumental low-rise buildings present a sampling of modern architecture clichés. No matter how different their functions, the legislative, judicial, and Swan Street buildings are all designed in a quasi-classical, quasi-brutalist style, using the structural vocabulary of reinforced concrete, yet all are covered from stem to stern with marble veneer. Of the two major structures not yet in evidence, the auditorium will have the form of a great truncated egg perched on a pedestal, a trite conceit lifted straight out of an undergraduate thesis of the '50s, and the museum-library will be an inverted pyramid placed on a separate elevated platform, with a large bridge-staircase to connect it with the rest of the mall. This staircase, comparable in scale to the Aztec temple at Teotihacán will serve as seating space for concerts in good weather (in Albany?) while traffic roars along the super highway underneath.

Seen from a distance, the high-rise structures of the mall arouse a sense of anticipation. Like the cathedral towers of Europe, they proclaim that a significant space lies ahead, that it is occupied by buildings of some social or symbolic import. When approached from the west, the Swan Street office building serves as an introduction to the complex, and there disenchantment soon begins. A great cube, five blocks long, five stories high, penetrated by two four-story openings, with a facade flanked by large sloping piers, it presents itself as a monumental fortress or overblown masonic temple. The discrepancy between its portentous form and relatively trivial functions (snowmobile registration, motor vehicle control) and the contradiction between its apparent structural substance and real surface material combine to give it an air of pompous absurdity. Inside, the concept of space without walls prevails. Enclaves of bureaucrats and secretaries, surrounded by their typewriters and filing cabinets, huddle there like beleaguered settlers in a western movie. Bosses and underlings are all democratically flung together under the pitiless white light, with no privacy of sight or sound. In desperation, the inmates have wangled shoulder high screens to provide some kind of humane definition to the vast spaces, but this attempt fails to alleviate their Orwellian condition. The public lobbies of this structure are wide, the ceilings low. The walls are mainly covered with a layer of orange-tan tile, reminiscent to one old bureaucrat of a New York State Penitentiary shower room. But at least these areas are decorated with original paintings and sculpture. There is a large, elegant and undemanding oil by Clifford Still that is too good for its surroundings and an even larger, tawdry poster-like painting by Alan D'Arcangelo that is suitable there. Both these works are hung with their upper reaches overlapping the tiled area, as though about to take off for the attic, and both fight a losing battle with the tonality of the walls. Works by Lee Bontecou and Ilya Bolotowsky are more appropriate in scale, but they too seem disoriented by the environment. The idea of using original contemporary work to enrich the mall makes good sense, but if these first inept attempts at integration of the visual arts are prophetic of future installation, all those works now purchased and stashed in an Albany warehouse to await location (while they remain well out of the sight of Philis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tine lawmakers) are in for a rough time. It is ironic that a scheme of such grand ambition and good intentions should emerge as an anachronism even before it is completed. But like other misbegotten conceptions of the affluent, unthinking '60s it was predicated on an unreal vision of life and culture. Those glib assumptions of boundless resources, endless growth and unlimited cultural progress now seem mockingly remote. As the mall can be seen as a symbolic embodiment of that deluded optimism, it is also the climactic gesture of Rockefeller's career as patron. Conditioned by parental example, the governor has acted on the assumption that support of "advanced" art was a good thing. He has built up a large private collection of contemporary art, has encouraged the use of modern architecture in state-supported construction, has organized the New York State Council on the Arts and has officially advocated the viability of the arts as a social necessity. On these culture scores, Rockefeller ranks as a highly enlightened public official. Yet in a perverse historic switch, by attempting to avoid the errors of French officialdom in the 19th century, his massive political and economic sanction of 20th-century van garde art transforms it into institutional art, the accepted expression of a new academy. So the mall stands as a prime example of official American art establishment taste. As such, it may have historic significance as a colossal time-capsule image of 20th-century American culture. We probably deserve the mall. With its vast temples to bureaucracy and the automobile, its prodigal waste of space, energy and money, and its dependence on machine-guaranteed comfort and labor saving gadgetry, the South Albany Mall may indeed be a proper symbol for New York State in the Nixon-Rockefeller era. With luck, like that other imperial marble *fantasia*, the Victor Emmanuel monument in Rome, the mall may eventually be accepted, and even enjoyed, as a likable gesture of grandiloquent folly.

Coming

Kay Boyle
reviews
The Amnesty of
John David Herndon

The Hellish Professional Dilemma

Soldier

by Anthony B. Herbert with James T. Wooten

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $10.95)

Now the war is "over," it's time to number the casualties with some precision, time for the citizens who marched in it or against it to make a body count of their own: so many dead or maimed or maddened, so many billions poured out in the charred shells of aircraft, body bags, bones of bombed hospitals, reams of typing paper, tape decks, Coke machines. But it's a hard time to be asked to consider one of the war's weirdest casualties—the United States Army, in the person of professionals who risked their own careers as they saw a service they loved become a savagery they could not tolerate.

Anthony Herbert is one such victim. The most decorated American soldier of the Korean war, he was, according to his own aggressive account but also the account of others, among the best combat commanders in Vietnam—but he's a civilian today, and his staggering book is the story of how that happened. It's also a story of the murder of civilians, torture of prisoners and mutilation of corpses that rarely rates back-page headlines anymore, commonplace events that Colonel Herbert saw. But *Soldier* is more about what Vietnam did to the army than vice versa. It has been receiving wide attention, not all of it favorable. For example, on a CBS television broadcast on February 4 Colonel Herbert's superiors, Major General Barnes and Colonel Franklin, said that Herbert had made *Soldier* up "out of whole cloth" and had perpetrated "a hoax on the American people," and others who had been mentioned in the book also rose to deny the book's allegations. Herbert, however, stuck to his guns.

Anthony Herbert is a writer with an advanced degree in psychology, and an infantry officer who preferred to be on the ground with his men instead of safe in a helicopter above them, an intelligence expert who served on James Bond missions in the chill of the Cold War, and an airborne ranger who taught troopers how to live through a hot one. He's been shot five times and bayoneted three; kicked out of a BOQ for playing Joan Baez records; and branded by a superior in Vietnam "totally unfit to be an army officer"—strange words to apply to a man who, in 58 days, turned a lackluster battalion of the 173rd Airborne into an aggressive and effective unit, highest kills, lowest losses, and—incredibly—no civilian dead.

He is also, bluntly, a killer, and not restless in the role. His men, Herbert reports,

> . . . called me "The Animal," and I did not resent the name. I lived on less than they did. My wants were basic, almost primeval. I could kill with my hands and do it better than the best of them, I could ferret out the enemy with that they called "animal instinct," and I zeroed in on a kill as if it were the only important scene in the world.

Most readers will be uneasy with such a confession, and with the sharp scenes of combat that echo it, wondering what could provoke such an unlikely kind of bragging: "I drilled him, saw his face disintegrate." But these are not the words of a Calley shooting a six-year-old or a B-52 pilot unloading over a schoolyard, but of a rifleman facing an armed and equal enemy—a soldier. That's a note struck often, for Herbert has the warrior's instinctive honor for a courageous foe. Once, he orders a medivac for a wounded VC, and when the pilot declines to risk himself for a "dink," Herbert threatens to shoot him down: "I have a wounded soldier. I say again: a soldier."

Scenes like this one compel us to face an unwelcome dimension of this conflict—that for all the crime, horror and insanity, there were occasional face-offs between fighting men in which the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

death of one did not make a murderer of the other. Herbert's thoughts on the matter are sometimes perfunctory and unconvincing. "All I saw were two dead human beings. For what? For an idea? For whose idea?" Shouts we doubt ever got shouted; one can almost feel the nudge from his co-author, urging him to paste in a line of self-doubt to palliate the edgy reader. But there can be no mistaking the real passion with which he condemns the body count, William Westmoreland's great gift to the history of military tactics:

> If anything has happened to our country as a result of the Vietnam war, it is our national infection with the sickness of the numbers game. We reduced the blood and the suffering . . . to mere cyphers . . . . Numbers don't die; people do . . . if you can make your war a war of numbers, you have no trouble sleeping. Most generals and presidents sleep well.

If sleep grows sounder as the sound of the guns recedes, so, by Herbert's Law, safety increases bellicosity. In one of the book's most telling asides, the author notes that commanders in combat gave their operations modest names while Saigon commandos delighted in brutal titles: "This was another mark of the war: the further you went up in the chain of command, the more violent the label for an idea." And it is high in the chain of command that Herbert locates the losing of the war; his judgment on the generals, if not truth, is close to slander. On R&R in Hawaii, he tells his wife, "This war is not only killing our people, it's ruining our Army. The whole damned show is run without leaders." Leadership was an obsession with him; convinced it can be taught, he had hoped to close out his career with a general's star of his own, combining combat savvy with a psychologist's Ph.D. to help other men try to match his own record. No doubt he had visions of an army whose top echelons would supplant this sorry scene:

> . . . the whole damned US Army in Vietnam was crazy. The generals—Westmoreland, Abrams, Peers, Rosson, DePuy, Richardson, Ewell, Ramsey, and all the rest—were all working on the premise . . . that whatever problems we were having were the fault of the commanders at the lower levels. Bullshit. The major leadership problem in Viet-

Liveright

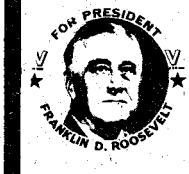
Liveright Paperbacks

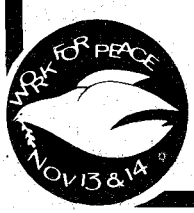
My Life
ISADORA DUNCAN
The frank, brave, and unselfconscious autobiography that has been called one of the most moving confessions ever written. For today's liberated woman no story could be more inspiring. With photographs from the original 1927 edition. $3.45

White Buildings
HART CRANE
Introduction by **Allen Tate**
Foreword by **John Logan**
This first of Crane's three major collections of poems was originally published in 1926. The themes are abstract and metaphysical but the images and associations are rooted in the American scene. $1.95

An Anthology of Irish Verse
Edited and with an introduction by
PADRAIC COLUM
Long considered one of the best collections of Irish verse ever made, this anthology presents the timeless poetry of the Irish people grouped according to national themes. $3.45

386 Park Avenue South
New York 10016





Join America's Fastest Growing Hobby!

Button collecting is perhaps the fastest-growing collecting hobby in America today. What other field offers the variety or the historical interest and importance? Remember Lincoln's "Wide-awakes"? You'll find them featured on campaign items of 1860! Did you know that Bryan's immortal "cross of gold" speech was the inspiration for a number of 1896 buttons? That the issue of a 3rd term for F.D.R. was argued on over a thousand different slogan buttons made for the 1940 election? We offer an excellent assortment for the newcomer and experienced collector alike. All are picture buttons or slogan pins of special interest (no common name pins or tabs), featuring all the Presidential candidates of 1936 through 1964. Take a nostalgic trip through our nation's political history and discover a fascinating new hobby! With your order you will receive a free copy of our booklet, "How to Collect Campaign Buttons," to help you get your feet wet.

We also offer a great assortment of buttons dealing with the issue of the Vietnam war. The war occasioned the issue of hundreds of colorful and interesting buttons. The history of this tragic political era is written on these buttons. Already an active collecting fraternity has grown up for Vietnam war buttons, and with the termination of America's involvement in Vietnam these items will be all the more avidly sought after.

Thomas D. Slater
P.O. Box 692 Midtown Station New York, New York 10018

Gentlemen:
Please send me the following:
☐ sets of six (6) different Presidential campaign buttons @ $6.95 per set.
☐ sets of twelve (12) different Presidential campaign buttons @ $12.95 per set.
☐ sets of twenty (20) different Vietnam war protest buttons @ $8.95 per set.
Please add 30¢ per order for insured postage and handling. New York residents add 7% sales tax.
PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER.

All our buttons are guaranteed original and authentic.
We *do not* handle reproductions, fantasy pieces, etc.
WE ARE ALSO BUYERS of political items. Please write.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Do You Have A Poor Vocabulary?

Express yourself clearly and interestingly whenever you speak or write. Read with greater understanding and comprehension. In the comfort of your living room, listen to hundreds of the most diverse and stirring words in the English language—used in model sentences cut on records! Quickly grasp the meaning and pronunciation, use words you never used before.

Dr. Bergen Evans, famous word expert, wrote the script; Dr. Robert Breen, speech professor, brings it to life in living sound. Thrill to almost 4 hours of mind-bending, tongue-tickling vocabulary growth without dull dictionary reference.

5 FREE EXTRAS

At no extra cost, you receive 5 deluxe Study Manuals with superb word essays, quizzes, complete script. Challenging, fun like a game for adults and children. Hi-quality vinyl records play on monaural or stereo equipment.

14-DAY FREE TRIAL

To: Registrar's Office
Vocabulary Studies, Dept. 806-02
555 E. Lange, Mundelein, Ill. 60060

☐ Please send me the Vocabulary Album which includes 5 12" Bergen Evans Records, 5 Study Manuals and handsome album case for my free examination. Within 10 days after receipt, I will either return everything or pay $4.95 monthly for 6 months, only $29.70 total.

☐ I am enclosing $24.95 total cash price, postage paid. 14-day return privilege with money back if not satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

nam was the generals . . . has-beens or never-beens of World War II vintage who had paper images built by the public information people . . . who had a chance to make it big if they could come out of Vietnam with a great paper record. That was precisely why so many of them had emerged from their cubicles at the Pentagon to get that ticket punched.

Blame the brass and bless the little guy. ("It wasn't that our kids didn't fight well in the field. It was just that so damned few of them ever got there.") One must view with caution the righteous rage of any outlaw, and there's bound to be some self-service in Herbert's inflexible view that Vietnam was not only tolerable but winnable at grunt level, minus the murderous air force and plus a few good men; but it's a conceit we may willingly concede him given the way the army ran the war (not even touching on the question of whether it should have been "run" at all); not to mention the way the army handled his fight to bring some small justice out of all the horror.

Herbert's demands for investigations of war crimes irritated his self-protective superiors considerably. At the instigation of Lieutenant Colonel J. Ross Franklin, deputy commander of the 173rd, the brigade commander, Major General John Barnes, relieved Herbert and sent him to Saigon with a bad efficiency report and the recommendation that he be barred from all further command. In Saigon, Herbert doggedly buckled down to pressing charges—only to be turned out of the office of the top legal officer in the land, who cherished his career too much to touch a case that might bring smoke down on a general. Herbert kept trying, and was at last able to get *himself* investigated, in hopes of reversal of his relief from command. The investigation board returned an opinion that made him sound like a cross between Hector and Sergeant York—and still confirmed his firing.

Stateside, *Catch-22* continued. Herbert's orders for the army's command and general staff college (a must for future generals) were cancelled, and he was shoveled into a dull job—where, seemingly unable to do otherwise, he helplessly excelled. Using his own cash and leave time, he kept the pressure on. General Westmoreland assigned an army lawyer to prove him a liar. That officer confirmed Herbert's truthfulness, presented his findings, and was promptly packed off to a psychiatrist; he killed himself. Herbert found dynamite planted in his car, turned it in to the provost marshall's office, where it disappeared, and was told he had been dreaming. He was ordered to take a lie detector test about his charges and asked that Barnes and Franklin be given one also. They refused and he was excused. He then demanded the test, and passed it. Next, he was bribed by having his relief from command and bad efficiency report expunged from his record. He kept pushing. His family was harassed. In the end, his lawyers advised him to make formal charges only when the statute of limitations insured those charges would never see daylight. They didn't—and the victory of his railroaders took on a final irony: General Peers, the immediate superior of General Barnes, was selected by the army to investigate the My Lai massacre; and a hand-picked member of the Peers Commission was Colonel J. Ross Franklin. And Tony Herbert retired.

So, as Kurt Vonnegut said of the firebombing of Dresden, it goes. Herbert's story is exhaustively documented in appendices to the book that appear to do ample justice to all concerned. *Soldier* is an either/or proposition, unnerving in its lack of shades of gray, because Anthony Herbert seems to be an either/or man, a professional whose wars must have sharp rules to ease the guilt and limit the chaos: you may kill an armed enemy who's out to kill you. You may *not* torture him, deny him medical aid, murder his wife and babies, burn his crops, lay senseless waste to his cities. Atop the foul taste this war has left, these niceties may seem irrelevant, but had they been observed the taste might have been less foul. Herbert's stern code defines the hellish dilemma the professional soldier is asked to live with daily.

Crawford Woods

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH EVETT *painted the Rotunda murals for the state capitol of Nebraska.* CRAWFORD WOODS *free-lances from El Prado, NM.* WILLIAM SAROYAN's *latest book is* Places Where I've Done Time *(Praeger).* CLARK R. MOLLENHOFF *authored* Strike Force: Organized Crime in the Government *(Prentice-Hall).* COLMAN MCCARTHY, *a writer on* The Washington Post, *is the author of* Disturbers of the Peace, *to be published by Houghton Mifflin, which will contain an expanded version of his essay on Dorothy Day. Poet* KARL SHAPIRO's *latest book is a novel entitled* Edsel *(NAL).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hurry, Hustlers, to Orly

The Tooth Merchant

by C. L. Sulzberger

(Quadrangle; $6.95)

The fairly well-known journalist C. L. Sulzberger has written a fairly interesting book. It is not, as billed, a novel, nor is it journalism, history or sociology. If anything, it is autobiography, which is his best shot. But Mr. Sulzberger, the hobnobber with high muckamucks, is, at the age of approximately 60, still shy about putting it on the line, and so the tooth merchant is not Mr. Sulzberger; he is a handsome rascal named Kevork (George) Sasounian (David of Sassoun of Armenian legendary laughter and indestructibility)—a good choice.

Each of the half million teeth that the merchant has for sale, when stuck into soft earth to a depth of three or four inches, instantly becomes an ancient Greek soldier complete with fully described costume and spear. The idea is to peddle these teeth for about a quarter of a *billion* dollars. To science that many teeth with that much of the unbelievable involved would be worth *any* amount of money. *One* such tooth alone could be worth the cost of sending everybody to the moon.

But Mr. Sulzberger has been so immersed in the obvious all of his professional life that the only usage he could make of his idea—straight from an obscure and insignificant legend, it would seem—was to present it to a variety of world characters he himself had happened to meet.

Upon witnessing the springing forth of three sons of the tooth, Stalin had his stroke which became fatal, aroused the lust for power of Beria, and liberated Mikoyan.

The Greeks on Cyprus fighting off the British and killing one another reject the package, and then one by one so do Ben Gurion and his boys. Nasser and his do too, and jail and very nearly destroy the hero—who is unaccountably sprung by the Americans—boyish, efficient, easy-going, banal, unbearable even in casual talk, and finally murderous.

The Americans want to do business, and so the tooth merchant is rescued and flown to Cyprus to pick up his sacks of merchandise, then to Paris, then to Washington, where Eisenhower stops putting to witness another tooth-planting: he muses and concludes, No deal, back to Paris all you big men of NATO. Over the deepest waters of the North Atlantic while the tooth merchant is deep in drugged sleep preparations are made to dump the merchandise. He is brought around to witness the event. When he screams a protest, he is informed by Norstad (you know Laurie) that he has instructions if not authorization to dump the merchant too, if necessary. Orders from whom? Well, from Eisenhower of course, by now probably on the ninth hole.

Telling his own story, the tooth merchant remarks, "Again I was the poor Armenian, like all my race again deceived by friends."

But the speaker is Sulzberger thinking of Eisenhower, Gruenther, Norstad and all of the other preposterous "great" men he has met.

The teeth had been discovered in a cave in Abkhazia on the Black Sea in 1952; they are dumped in 1954 when Sasounian is about 35 years old and Sulzberger about 40. The short last chapter moves the hero to Paris in 1972, "with three girls running for me on the Rue Godot de Mauroy."

He's in his 50s now and Sulzberger has come to 60.

What is this all about?

What is the meaning of the declaration in the usual place up front: "None of the characters and all of the events described in this Cold War episode are real." None and all. The characters are not real, the events of the Cold War are.

But doesn't Sulzberger mean something else, such as had there been such teeth and such a merchant and such confrontations with customers, they would have behaved as I have written? Certainly *something* brought on Stalin's stroke, but so did something bring on Eisenhower's, not described in this book.

What is C. L. Sulzberger trying to prove? That he is a writer? He is. The first three or four chapters demonstrate a magnificent skill, and I had every reason to be grateful and to have in mind writing a rave review, as the saying is. But the excellence serves only to get Mr. Sulzberger around to his real work: the hobnobbing with high muckamucks, as he has carefully informed the reading public in perhaps the two heaviest books of our age: *A Long Row of Candles*, 1969, and *The Last of the Giants* (de Gaulle), 1970. Each of these books has more than 1000 pages, excellent quality paper, good readable print, flawless format—and, the best feature of such books, a magnificent index. Also in each is an album of photographs of Mr. Sulzberger, many of them with other people—Eisenhower, Kennedy, de Gaulle, Chiang, Hassan, Krim, Jacqueline, Khrushchev, Sukarno and an unnamed chief of a Pathan village on the border between Afghanistan and Pakistan.

Well, is it fair, is it permissible to review one book by looking at photographs in another?

In this case, yes. Mr. Sulzberger is putting himself forward as a writer of a novel, but it turns out that he is still writing news copy or column copy for *The New York Times* and whatever syndicate distributes Mr. Sulzberger's column.

Furthermore, Mr. Sulzberger, the journalist appears in *The Tooth Merchant* and chats with both the fictive hero Sasounian and with the nonfictive nonheroes of a number of the several hysterical governments involved.

Therein lies the difference between a writer and a journalist. Bypassing the muckamucks isn't easy for anybody who has trafficked with them, but if they are to enter fiction, or art, as *themselves*, the writer must put them in their proper places, in their proper sizes—not smaller, possibly even bigger than anyone suspected, but significant only in *themselves* and not in the aura about them. This is a hard job, it is better for a journalist not to tackle it.

Almost nowhere in his big books of journal-keeping does Mr. Sulzberger devote so much as a paragraph to somebody unknown, which in itself is surely appropriate in that the reader of such books is not concerned about Mr. Sulzberger and his soul but about the bigshots Sulzberger has met on newspaper assignments.

As for the writing, as writing, I think it is amazing. The hero of the story knows 17 languages, and since he is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

telling his own story it is understandable that he knows all kinds of obscure words—or so one would imagine until one reflects that such linguistic geniuses pretty much say nothing in all of the languages they know.

The book is meant to be high-spirited in its liberation from awkwardness about a good horny man's behavior with women. I hope it attracts the readers of the books by Miss Susann and Mr. Robbins on this account, for such readers will certainly be better rewarded than I.

I had a lot of trouble getting through the book, after the first four or five chapters, when it began to lose its steam of creative invention. Then came the teeth and the boring game and the long tedious descriptions of how a hustler must work to outwit customs inspectors, passport examiners, and in short the miniscule world (inside the individual's potentially unlimited world). Being a poor reader in any case, unable or unwilling to read anything which does not justify its connection to time, its usage of *my* time, I insisted on believing I was at fault, not the writing and the writer, but in the end I studied it all again and I saw that it was not so.

Mr. Sulzberger can write, but he isn't ever likely really to *need* to, and that's a basic requirement of the best of good writing.

As for high spoofing, which is always welcome, that doesn't happen in *The Tooth Merchant*, either.

Is there a movie in it? I enjoy asking the question because I have heard it so frequently over the past 40 years by all manner of hustlers in the world of showbiz, the most delightfully accurate word and meaning ever appended to a form of enterprise in which fraudulence is of the essence. I can just see the flying Hollywood hustlers disembarking at Orly and rushing to break down the door of Mr. Sulzberger's office at *The New York Times* office at No. 4 Rue Scribe in Paris, across the hall from where all the unimportant reporters and workers herd themselves together in the earning of their relatively insignificant daily bread.

Is there a movie in *The Tooth Merchant?* There is. There always has been. There is also a TV series.

Chapter II: The hero says, "Everyone knows a Greek is brighter than a Turk, a Jew is brighter than a Greek, and an Armenian is brighter than a Jew, but only an expert such as myself knows that a Donme is even brighter than an Armenian. The Donme is the Turkish Jew who was converted to Islam so many generations ago and whose habits are so furtive that no one is now sure whether he is a Moslem secretly practicing Judaism or a Jew publicly practicing Mohammedanism."

The author of *Ben-Hur* was sent by President Garfield to Sultan Hamid in Constantinople in 1881 mainly as a reward for writing that Christian book which I find empty, false, foolish and unreadable, and millions of others have found beautiful, sublime and a good stage play for William Farnum and a good movie for William S. Hart. Lew Wallace was presented to the neurotic pale-faced little Sultan, and as a parting gift gave the Sultan an enormous dog, bought in London, and the Sultan's high regard for the writer of *Ben-Hur* rose higher. They liked each other.

Samuel S. (Sunset) Cox, who went along with Wallace, says in his *Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey:* "The Armenians are the sharpest people in the world. They are the Yankees of the Orient, with much additional acuteness." And then he says, "It is a common saying, and likely has some basis of fact: that it takes the wit of four Turks to overreach one Frank; two Franks to cheat one Greek; two Greeks to cheat one Jew; and six Jews to cheat one Armenian."

Well, don't you believe it. My father in 1911, the year he died, took all the money he had in the world, something under a dollar, to buy food for his wife and four kids, but gave it all to an Anglo-Saxon beggar, came home with nothing, and asked my mother to make a meal out of tea and whatever else might be lying around. Was he an Armenian, or was he a poet?

Mr. Sulzberger can really write, but why should he?

William Saroyan

No Excuse for Not Knowing the Facts

The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa

by Walter Sheridan

(Saturday Review Press; $10.95)

Investigator Walter Sheridan has put together a frightening story of how Teamsters money, Teamsters political power and Teamsters underworld connections have been used to corrupt public officials from the city government in Detroit to the Nixon White House. The major new material is the meticulous chronology of events surrounding the President's commutation of Jimmy Hoffa's federal prison terms in December 1971. It is difficult enough to understand the justification for Nixon's personal intervention to free Hoffa, even if he had no more than the trial evidence that Hoffa and his associates were offering anything from $15,000 to $20,000 per vote to buy acquittal. But the pension fund fraud conviction carried also the burden of guilt for receiving more than $1.5 million in kickbacks, most of it "in old small bills."

Though Sheridan spells out the significance of such corruption for our judicial system, his emphasis is not upon the judiciary but upon the Justice Department's prosecution of a key witness against Hoffa. This witness was at the same time as the Justice Department's action being threatened and bribed by Hoffa supporters to change his story, or to testify falsely that the jury-tampering conviction was contaminated by illegal wiretapping. Sheridan weaves these events with the White House wooing of Frank Fitzsimmons, Hoffa's handpicked successor to head the Teamsters Union, during the 1972 presidential campaign.

Most of what Sheridan covers has been so well documented it will not, and cannot, be disputed. In the course of a dozen

LICENSED ONE-COPY ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

congressional investigations, and in the criminal trials that brought the convictions of hundreds of Hoffa's associates, the basic facts of Hoffa's hoodlum empire were the subject of well-corroborated testimony, incontrovertible documentation, and even the "admissions against interest" of Hoffa, his underworld cronies, and some of his lawyers, all of which are given in the book. If anything the book is overpacked with facts, though Sheridan has certainly been wise to err on the side of too much rather than too little documentation.

To understand the enormity of the offense, one must be refreshed, for example, on the manner in which Z. T. (Tommy) Osborne, a young and promising Nashville attorney, was corrupted, convicted of trying to bribe a juror, and disbarred. After serving a federal prison term, Osborne died a thoroughly discredited and tragic victim of the Hoffa philosophy that "every man has his price." Likewise, it is useful to recall in detail the efforts of Hoffa's supporters to obtain false affidavits from prostitutes, bell boys and private investigators in their effort to destroy a federal judge who refused to bend to the threats and bribe offers in the Hoffa case in Tennessee.

Hoffa's friends and apologists can be expected to continue to quarrel with Hoffa's conviction, centering most of their fire on the criminal background of Edward Grady Partin—the Baton Rouge Teamsters official who was the government's chief witness in convicting Hoffa of jury tampering. Hoffa's public relations men and lawyers have been hard at work since the January 1964 trial trying to discredit Partin as a convicted criminal, to bribe him to change his story with amounts of up to a million dollars, or to find an illegal wiretap that would contaminate the conviction.

Critics of the Hoffa convictions also complain that he would never have been convicted if Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy hadn't established a "Hoffa squad" under Walter Sheridan. They argue that for Kennedy and Sheridan it was a "vendetta," and that it was somehow unfair of Kennedy to use Partin as a witness because of his past criminal record and the fact that he was under criminal indictment at the time he decided to cooperate with the government. These arguments might be valid if there were any evidence that Partin's testimony was untrue or that Hoffa was framed for crimes he did not commit.

Partin's testimony has been reviewed by the United States Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit and by the United States Supreme Court, and both have sustained its validity. Sheridan goes over the ground again in his "Nashville" chapter, telling how Partin discovered the plan of a Nashville Teamsters official, Ewing King, to bribe a woman juror who was married to a Tennessee highway patrolman. Partin came to Sheridan with this and other information. Sheridan went with it to the FBI, and several FBI agents kept King under surveillance. Over a period of the next week Partin made additional reports of Hoffa's anger with King for not completing the jury-fixing assignment. Then Partin told Sheridan that King had plans to meet the highway patrolman the next weekend near a spring on a lonely road near the patrolman's home, including plans for a car swap to throw off the FBI if they happened to be following him. Again the FBI trailed King, and he did just as Partin had said he would do, swapping cars with another Teamsters official and making contact with the highway patrolman. All the details were fully corroborated, as were other aspects of Partin's story on efforts to bribe other jurors.

Sheridan may be at fault for failing to make reference to the dissent written by Chief Justice Earl Warren in the jury-tampering case. Warren called the case an "affront to the quality and fairness of Federal law-enforcement" and centered his fire on Partin whom he characterized as a kind of walking "bug" to inform the prosecution of what he heard around Hoffa's camp. Sheridan, with the support of the majority of the United States Supreme Court, would have had little trouble discrediting the Warren dissent for inaccuracy. Perhaps he was being charitable to Warren. But Sheridan does not extend the same charity to President Nixon or to others in the Nixon White House, and with good reason. There was no excuse for their not knowing the full facts before granting Hoffa executive clemency.

Clark R. Mollenhoff

BOOK BARGAINS

THE NEW REPUBLIC BOOK STALL is again offering you substantial savings on a large list of important books you will want to read **now** and retain in your library. Order three or more for 50% savings. Cash only and the postage and the handling is on us!

Second Year of the Nixon Watch by John Osborne. $4.75 (publisher's price $5.95) Nixonologist John Osborne, THE NEW REPUBLIC's White House correspondent, with the definitive study of Nixon's second year in office. No. 0084.

Harold Wilson—A Personal Record. $9.95 (publisher's price $15.00) The memoirs of Harold Wilson, describing his stewardship of the British government from 1964 to 1970, is an important and controversial book of lasting value. No. 0094.

The Intelligence Establishment by Harry Howe Ransom. $7.75 (publisher's price $10.00) This work describes the whole nature of intelligence, the major agencies, responsibilities, and the problems these massive intelligence organizations pose for our democracy. No. 0077

The Politics of Ecology by James Ridgeway. $4.75 (publisher's price $5.95) A NEW REPUBLIC contributor tells how the garbage can is actually full of garbage and not daisies. No. 0078

Conservation for Survival by Kai Curry-Lindahl. $5.55 (publisher's price $6.95) This book presents a program for the intelligent use of the earth's renewable natural resources: air, water, soil, vegetation, and animals (including man). No. 0098

Mail to:
The New Republic, 381 W. Center St., Marion Ohio 43302

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for the books listed by number

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____

Please mail the books at your expense to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colman McCarthy on Dorothy Day

"The best time to come up would be anytime," Dorothy Day said over the phone when I asked to come visit her. The time was early summer in 1966. I had been working in the New York bureau of United Press International as the 25th man in their 25-man sports department. Unsportingly, management decided it could send out the scores and game details with 24 men, so I was dropped after three months, just when I had learned both the names of the people I worked with and all the big league baseball teams. Dorothy Day and those with her in the Catholic Worker movement owned a farm overlooking the Hudson, about two hours up river from New York City. I wanted only to spend the afternoon, though Miss Day said I was welcome to stay a week, a month, whatever.

I wanted to talk with this saintly and heroic woman and perhaps use the compass of her wisdom to get a direction on where my life ought to go. A few years earlier, I had met Dorothy Day when she visited the Holy Spirit Monastery, a Trappist community in rural north Georgia. I was there from 1960 to 1966, trying out the life, but leaving before making a permanent commitment. Miss Day spoke for about an hour, in a low-ceilinged room with hardrow benches, telling the fathers and brothers about how she began working among the poor in the 1920s, her hospitality house in the Bowery of New York, the college students who worked summers among the wrecked people that she cared for, some of those who had helped put out the *Catholic Worker* newspaper—Michael Harrington, Ammon Hennacy, Thomas Merton, John Cogley, Tom Cornell, Nicole D'Entremont, Jack English. Unlike most visitors to Trappist monasteries, Dorothy was neither awed nor mystified by it all.

"Don't forget," she said, "you're supposed to be poor. Give away what you don't need. Get by on essentials. Wealth hurts monasteries more than anything else. The contemplative life can't be lived the same time you're living the comfortable life." From anyone else, this kind of hard talk would have been sent back over the net in a swift volley of indignation. But it was accepted, even cherished; Dorothy Day had lived in voluntary poverty all her adult life, so she could speak about it not as a concept but as an experience.

On the afternoon of my visit, the farm at Tivoli was crowded with people. Some were sick alcoholics who had come up from the Bowery to dry out. Others were young conscientious objectors, new believers in the kind of pacifism that Dorothy Day had been teaching for 35 years. A few were misshapen people whose souls had been bent by illness or poverty, with no hope of recovery but at least a chance at being comforted. Nearly everyone had a responsibility at the farm, perhaps baking the bread, or going into town for the mail, cleaning the floors, tending the vegetables, mailing the newspaper. Some were too ill to work, or too confused, but room was made for them nevertheless. A large number of those who came to the farm were young idealists, full of zeal and full of eagerness, but not role players because Dorothy was an unwilling audience for showoffs.

I recalled that in Georgia she had spoken about the young who come to work at the House of Hospitality or the farm, all moved by an energy that wants to do good but often none of them having the slightest idea how to apply it. "Sometimes it seems that the more volunteers there are around the place, the less gets done," she said. "I have letters from six volunteers on my desk now. Not only are all the beds full, so that we cannot put them up for the Chrystie Street work, but also, it seems in regard to these we already have that their interest in peace keeps them from the clothes room, or from the paperwork connected with 30 or more subscriptions coming in each day. . . . Paperwork, cleaning the house, cooking the meals, dealing with the countless visitors who come through all the day, answering the phone, keeping patience and acting intelligently, which is to find meaning in all these encounters—these things too are the work of peace, and often they seem like a very little way."

I met Dorothy as she walked across the lawn before the main house. A degree or two had been added to her stoop in the three years since I had seen her. She suffered from arthritis, something her friends say was caused by too many years sleeping without blankets after putting them over derelicts taken in for the night. Her hair was yellow-white, braided over the top the way it was when Dwight Macdonald wrote the memorable *New Yorker* profile in 1952. She had soft brown eyes in square-cut sockets. Her body didn't fill her dress, which rustled in the easy breeze and always came back mussed. She wore no stockings and her shoes were black and functional, the kind nuns wore before relevance got to them.

She remembered her visit to Conyers, and said with amusement that the Trappists were good to talk to because they were a sure audience, as captive as any. She asked after Brother Charles, an old friend who had run a hospitality house for vagrants in Cleveland for a few years but then joined the Trappists. We talked about the large numbers of people who were leaving the religious orders. Dorothy saw it as an eruption of hope and not a signal for worry. Many were realizing at last that Christianity was not a religion for specialists. She said she had seen, and liked, a long article I had written earlier that year for *The Critic* magazine on this same point, and believed the church should be glad, not upset, that so many were leaving. They might be getting out of the structural church but there was no abandonment of the Christian ideals. Without my asking, she suggested that I keep up with my writing, even though at the moment I had no job or much of an outlet. A lot of things, she said, were not being written, especially about the lives of the poor. We get plenty of news stories on the poverty program and the issue of poverty, but not many writers go out to look at how the poor are suffering. That needs to be told, she insisted, otherwise who will know the poor are there? Nothing is easier to get adjusted to than other people's misery.

When I wrote a short essay not long ago on Dorothy Day on the editorial page of *The Washington Post*, I guessed that few of my fellow workers would know much about her. For one thing, many of those who came out of the Catholic Worker movement, or at least read about it and occasionally sent in a small sum—I was in this group, a reader and sender—tended to be possessive of Dorothy. She was *our* heroine, *our* saint, not for the talk shows, much less to be in the secular hive as anyone's queen bee of wisdom. Amazingly on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the day the piece appeared, at least six reporters in the busy sprawl of the *Post* newsroom stopped me to talk about Dorothy. These were newsmen on national beats, men of tough curiosities who had low toleration of causes and whose cynicism about the world's gooddoers was crusted by years of reporting the letdowns and failures of this goodness. Nor were they especially religious men—though men of solid ethics, which is even better—and certainly not churchy. Yet each had a private story about Dorothy Day, some recollection of her immense achievement and how they once, sometimes often, had brushed close to her courage on some past reporting assignment.

Radicalism is now a cheapened word, at high pitch and low level, mocked by showmen from Eldridge Cleaver to Jerry Rubin and the other sophomores who think that social upheaval produces social improvement. But no better radicalism exists than the kind practiced by Dorothy Day—the wild extreme notion that Christianity is a workable system, the bizarre idea that religion has more to do with what you work at than what you believe. "It is a strange vocation," she recalled not long ago, "to love the destitute and dissolute, those people sleeping in doorways, foul with the filth of the gutter, dying of drunkenness and malnutrition, fever and cold. We have known many such deaths on Chrystie Street and have witnessed the depths of misery around us. Only last month, a group of school children, early teen-agers, poured kerosene on three such men, sleeping in a doorway, and set fire to them. This act of horror gives witness to the all too prevalent attitude to these men. 'They are only bums,' one child said; and the mother of another, 'Someone ought to do something about these bums.' Yet they are found in every corner of the city, in vacant buildings, in the shadow of warehouses in neighborhoods deserted at night."

Caring about ideals that reasonable men long ago gave up as lost, Dorothy Day easily seems out of touch to the followers of today's causes. When the women's liberation movement first picked up steam in the summer of 1970, Dorothy addressed a conference at a college in Westchester, New York. Betty Friedan and her howitzer manner was there, gunning everyone down, guilty of oppressing women or not. A black sister read an absurd bitch manifesto. Then Dorothy Day spoke. A report in *Commonweal* magazine described her as "perhaps the oldest person in the room, the most personally courageous, and in action and practice, already the most liberated." Miss Day "said nothing about women's liberation, never mentioned the words, never stated her views on the subject of economic equality, careers, chores, society's institutions. Instead, she reminisced about her life, her daughter, the families she has known, the poor, the work she'd done, in jail, in the streets, in her houses of hospitality." It was the unwritten text she spoke from when visiting the Trappists in Georgia, minus the call to poverty.

As with most vocations that stay singular in purpose over long periods of time, Dorothy Day came to hers the long way around. In her early 20s she lived on the cheap as a reporter in New York. She liked the work, but the itch for action competed with the job of reporting the action. With an unbribed heart that sought out the rich experiences where self-identity is created automatically as one goes along, her circle included Malcolm Cowley, John Dos Passos, Allen Tate and Caroline Gordon, all starting out then in Greenwich Village. One of Dorothy Day's fondest memories is the evenings spent in the back room of a Fourth Street saloon where Eugene O'Neill would recite for her "The Hound of Heaven." Moved by this poem of faith, and by longing that could not be satisfied by conventional activism, she eventually embraced Christianity. With a child from a common-law marriage—over quickly—she met in 1932 Peter Maurin. He came on easy with a hard message, a drifting reformer always bobbing up at the scenes of injustice to tell people how to build a "society in which it is easier for people to be good." Together with Dorothy Day, he founded the *Catholic Worker* newspaper. In its pages

A *Parliament of Poets*

Two hundred poets are sitting side by side
In the government auditorium,
Waiting their turn to mount the stage
And read five minutes worth of poems,
And then sit down again, still side by side,
The young, the old, the crazy, the sane
In alphabetical order.
Some rant their lines, some plead and some intone,
Some bellow and some simply talk.

Outside along the curb there waits a line
of blue government buses
To carry the poets to the White House to shake hands
With the young President. The President
Is interested in shaking hands with the poets
And possibly saying something to each.

But when the alphabet has run its course
The chairman takes the lectern to announce
That the trip to the White House is called off,
The visit has been postponed
Or cancelled for an indefinite period.

It appears that the President has chosen this hour
To warn the nation that a fleet of freighters
Carrying atomic warheads on their decks
Visibly, are moving towards the coast of Cuba,
And that the President has ordered our fleet
To intercept and blockade the invaders.

And the parliament of poets disintegrates,
Some going to their hotel rooms to pack,
Some to the dark bars, some to the streets
To gaze up at the vacant Washington sky.

KARL SHAPIRO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the last 38 years it has been like a prowling animal outside the doors of America's deaf and lazy institutions.

Many of the war resisters who have served in prison, now serve, or who have left the country rather than bear arms, first learned about pacifism and civil disobedience (but not civil destruction) from reading Dorothy Day or going to her meetings in the Bowery. A recent article in the *Catholic Worker*—all articles there are "recent"—noted that "the young men working here are conscientiously opposed to war. Perhaps after having seen the victims of the class war in this country sleeping forgotten on the Bowery, running up and down the steps of crumbling tenements, or staring wide-eyed and alone in mental hospitals, they do not want to fight for a materialistic system that cripples so many of its citizens. . . . These are young men who have learned well one historical fact—that you can never win over an ideology by killing the men who have the idea. The job at hand is that of a peacemaker performing the works of mercy, not the works of wars."

One reason so many professional journalists know Dorothy Day is because her newspaper is an exceptional achievement. Easily it is the only paper in the country to have kept so long to one editorial line, to one typographical tradition and to one price. The first issue run in May 1933, Miss Day recalled, "was 2500 copies. Within three or four months the circulation bounded to 25,000, and it was cheaper to bring it out as an eight-page tabloid on newsprint rather than the smaller-sized edition on better paper we had started with. By the end of the year we had a circulation of 100,000 and by 1936 it was 150,000. It was certainly a mushroom growth. It was not only that some parishes subscribed for the paper all over the country in bundles of 500 or more. Zealous young people took the paper out in the streets and sold it, and when they could not sell it even at one cent a copy, they gave free copies and left them in streetcars, buses, barber shops, dentists' and doctors' offices."

A typical issue of the paper, which can be subscribed to at 36 East First Street, New York, N.Y. 10003, usually has a woodcut on page one, often a scene of oppression or perhaps a depiction of a hero. Carried in the eight pages will be a report from one or two sites of injustice—a migrant labor camp, perhaps, or maybe a hospital ward in a city "health" center—an appeal for winter clothing, an easygoing column by an old-time member—Deane Mary Mowrer's "A Farm with a View," written from the Catholic Worker farm in Tivoli—a news story about an editor being arrested for refusing military induction, a long essay or two on nonviolence or welfare reform, a lively "Letters to the Editor" column (lively not because nutty letters are printed, but because such nutty ideas like peace, sharing the wealth, serving the sick, reforming the government are discussed and debated), column-end fillers—something from Bernanos perhaps, or Solzhenitsyn, often *Tales of the Hasidim*—and always Miss Day's column "On Pilgrimage."

"I am home again with a handful of colorful postals," she wrote after returning from her trip to Russia during the summer of 1971, "including reproductions of ikons and a folder of picture postals of Lenin's exile in Siberia, where he lived, where he studied, where he taught his peasant neighbors and their children, where he fished and hunted and rested in the forest. How I wish we had such a Siberia where the Fathers Berrigan and all the prisoners of conscience could go and meditate and study and prepare for a new social order 'wherein peace and justice dwell.'"

Dorothy Day's autobiography is *The Long Loneliness*, a treasure in the tradition of Augustine's *Confessions* or Merton's *Seven Storey Mountain*. It is a moving book, the classic story of someone seeking a piece of earth of which to be the salt. The prose is clear, unpretentious and conversational, much the way Miss Day is in daily relationships. Repeatedly she refers to Charles Peguy, Ignazio Silone, Eric Gill, Piotr Kropotkin. The thoughts of these men are not abruptly plunked into Miss Day's text like fallout from Bartlett's, in the manner of hack politicians wanting the eloquent sound. Instead, attracted by the play of ideas, Miss Day delights in passing on the genius of others, a servant of truth who gladly carries the tray that holds the treasures of others. Among those she leans on is William James. Tellingly she included in her autobiography: "One afternoon as I sat on the beach, I read a book of James' essays and came on these lines: 'Poverty is indeed the strenuous life—without brass bands or uniforms or hysteric popular applause or lies or circumlocutions; and when one sees the way in which wealth-getting enters as an ideal into the very bone and marrow of our generation, one wonders whether the revival of the belief that poverty is a worthy religious vocation may not be the transformation of military courage, and the spiritual reform which our time stands most in need of. Among us English-speaking peoples especially do the praises of poverty need once more to [be] boldly sung. We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise anyone who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join the general scramble, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition. We have lost the power even of imagining what

WHAT WILL YOUR DOLLAR BE WORTH IN 1975 ?

Is skyrocketing inflation eating up your dollars faster than you make them? Beat inflation.

ORDER PURE

SILVER

You'll still have something to show for it tomorrow.

GET THE FACTS TODAY! Send for FREE BROCHURE. ORDER DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY AND SAVE

INTERNATIONAL MINT CORPORATION 702 El Paso Building Salt Lake City Utah 84111

CALL TOLL FREE (800) 453-5320

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone _____

No obligation, naturally! R-2

"THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA *has an enviable but embarrassing budgetary surplus of $850 million, which Governor Reagan would like to return 'to the people who had it in the first place.' That proposal is too drastic for some of the Governor's critics, who conclude he is a dangerous radical, which is exactly right.*"

For a free copy of NATIONAL REVIEW, write: Dept. 8, 150 E. 35 Street, N. Y. 10016. nr

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ancient realization of poverty could have meant; the liberation from material attachments, the unbought soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we are and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly . . .'"

Unlike many who care for the poor and other discards of our system, Dorothy Day has not merely given until it hurts, she has given until after it hurts. She owns nothing herself, knowing that the teaching of voluntary poverty is a sham if one does not also live it. Had she been less austere on herself over the years—not sleeping in cold rooms, eating on the run, traveling on Greyhound buses—perhaps the physical hurt of old age would also be less. But what is a little thorn in the side? she asked once. "It seems to me we might begin to equal a little bit of the courage of the Communists. One of the ways my American Communist friends taunt me is by saying, in effect: 'People who are religious believe in everlasting life, and yet look how cowardly they are. And we who believe only in this life, see how hard we work and how much we sacrifice.'"

Despite bishops and priests who condone war and lead the government at prayer time, Dorothy Day has never judged such men or left the institutional church. It is probably because she is still loyal to this rich and highly organized body that she can say: "Why worry about empty schools, seminars and even rectories? Maybe the Lord is giving us a little reminder that there has been too much building going on, and that it is time to use some of these facilities for the poor for families." In a column entitled "Meditation on the Death of the Rosenbergs," she expressed what many have felt on seeing Cardinal Spellman troop off "to be with the boys" or when Cardinal Cooke shows up at a White House prayer service to be court chaplain to Richard Nixon: "What a confusion we have gotten into when Christian prelate[s] sprinkle holy water on scrap metal, to be used for obliteration bombing, and name bombers for the Holy Innocents, for Our Lady of Mercy; who bless a man about to press a button which releases death on fifty thousand human beings, including little babies, children, the sick, the aged, the innocent as well as the guilty."

Valuing communal living long before communes came into fashion, Dorothy Day has always had farms in the country for her companions. Tivoli, New York is the current site, overlooking the Hudson River and complete with vegetable gardens and flowers. No stranger has ever been turned away, much less old friends. The lonely and confused come back loaded with problems, to retreat awhile and talk with Dorothy. She feeds them first, like Jesus and the 5000. And in the winter at Christmas in the Bowery, the strays who come to her get a little wine with the meal. Why not? They are human beings, in need of joy and mercy, like everyone else.

Note: A new book about Dorothy Day, *A Harsh and Dreadful Love: Dorothy Day and The Catholic Worker Movement*, by William D. Miller, has just been published by Liveright ($9.95).

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

provide an example of something that's not A Film.

All right, it's *not* A Film. It doesn't live by virtue of its being on the screen. It lived before it got to the screen, which is always dangerous for screen material (though of course this is a danger that's often overcome). The picture is an illustrated reading of Dylan Thomas' play for voices. As such, much of it is very enjoyable. The verse is beautifully spoken, for the most part; the film is nicely photographed and edited. The whole thing is marred here and there only when it worries about being cinematic.

I saw *Under Milk Wood* in the theater (London, 1956), and it fared better there for a quite simple reason. When the First Voice described the town, the hills, the sea, etc., we didn't have to *look* at the town, the hills, the sea. We simply listened. But there was no way that Andrew Sinclair, the director-adapter, could do this on the screen. He was damned if he did and damned if he didn't. Result: he did. So when the First Voice tells us about "the anthracite statues of the horses," we see the black outlines of horses on a nighttime hill. But—granted that the picture was going to be made at all—what else could the camera have done at that moment?

What holds us during these passages is the speaking, by Richard Burton, who has been speaking these lines since 1954, when he was the First Voice in the first broadcast. We also see Burton wandering through the film with a pal—Ryan Davies, a Welsh comic—though they never speak on screen.

Inevitably the film functions best, as did the theater version, when the First Voice is silent and the many characters are speaking their own lines. Sinclair has cast the picture generally well; the citizens are quickly stamped, and when we return to them recurrently in the complex fabric, we recognize them instantly, by their individual colors and by the way Sinclair looks at them. Some of them are outstanding: Aubrey Richards as the Reverend Jenkins and Talfryn Thomas as Mr. Pugh the imaginary poisoner.

Sometimes Sinclair flubs. Presumably Elizabeth Taylor was part of the deal that included Burton. Cosmeticized and fineried, she looks less like a small-town Welsh whore than like part of the deal that included Burton. Peter O'Toole is miscast as gruff old Captain Cat. The poignancy of Cat's lines grows from the fact that the lyricism comes from a *non*-lyrical character.

And Sinclair has seriously marred the piece by putting in a pantomime section derived from another Thomas story. Burton and pal meet a girl in '40s clothes, lead her to an abandoned wartime hut, and take turns with her. (Through much of this section Burton seemed to me slightly drunk. Not the character, Burton. His off-screen lines had been recorded earlier.) Sinclair has said that it's revealed that the girl is dead—I don't see how it's revealed—and that "these two visible spirits . . . have come back to relive their life in the timeless town and resurrect their lost love." Bull. It's just an attempt to keep the film visually interesting.

It doesn't. The episode is counterproductive because it's strained and out of place. But at least Sinclair has recognized the basic trouble with a play or film version of this work. It's not a drama, it's one long lyric, and two hours is a lot of lyric. *Under Milk Wood* is often compared with *Our Town*. Obviously, it's better written; Thomas is to Wilder as, say, Delius is to MacDowell. But in his (somewhat maligned) play, Wilder was at least conscious of theatrical imperatives.

Language is what we would go to this film for, as spoken by Burton and most of the others, while our eyes are cheered by most of the faces. OK, so it's not A Film; and I guess I shouldn't have enjoyed as much of it as I did. Shame on me.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personals

IS THIS "PEACE WITH HONOR", MR. NIXON? Buttons, Bumperstickers. 2/$1, 5/$2, 15/$5. HRP, Box 441-M, Carrboro, NC 27510

MAN, professional, late fifties, seeks 50/60 female companionship in St. Louis area. New Republic, Box 6465

HUMANIST, world citizen, 40-ish, college prof (Ph.D), widower, children launched, seeks joyful, independent, articulate companion. New Republic, Box 6455

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY—Have A Year on Me!" Card With Watchband Calendar, $1.75. (Without card, $1.50) Specify starting month. Exclusively ours. IDEA HOUSE, Rye, New York 10580

BIG BROTHER is back. More relevant than ever. A MOBILE that Watches you. $2.50 PP. A.P. Yorick. 234 Tenth, Toledo, Ohio 43624

PENPALS brochure free! Identity, Box 315-NR, Royal Oak, Michigan 48068

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS without exception. The right of each adult human to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law, without exception. AAAL, P.O. Box 36122, Los Angeles, California 90036.

BLOW YOURSELF UP! 1½' x 2' poster of anyone. Send returned snapshot $3.00. Pierpoint Products, Box 678, Inglewood, California 90307.

"CRIME WOULDN'T PAY IF THE GOVERNMENT RAN IT"—8 x 10 plaque, $3.50 ppd, 4/$12.50. Wry Idea Co., Rye, New York 10580.

CONDITIONING, BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION, BRAINWASHING! Help expose worrisome developments in these fields. Contributions appreciated. Dr. William A. Pierce (Ph.D. Harvard University) P.O. Box 244, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

RETIRED WOMAN, Master's, quiet, bookish, art background, small income, 2 cats. Seeks similar woman, share expenses. NY/NJ area. Refs. Box 506, West Haverstraw, NY 10993

ALPHAPHONE® headset—brainwave trainer. Free literature. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-Q, Mendocino, California 95460.

FEEL GREAT. Every Day. Not Exercises. Absolutely Guaranteed. $5.00. Dr. Marcus, Box 12425, Philadelphia, Pa. 19151.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year bimonthly training course free. Write MEDITATIONS, P.O. Box 566 N, Ojai, California 93023.

MAKE YOUR WILL. Receive 4 Will Forms and attorney's 64-page booklet, only $1.50. ("Personal Assets Record" and "Executor's Duties"—FREE.) Legal Forms, Dept. 25, 1830 Guardian Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

A SEVERELY UNDERPRIVILEGED SPANISH-AMERICAN child in New Mexico needs you to sponsor him. Correspondence, visitation, $180. per year. Futures for Children, 5612 Parkston Road, Washington, D. C. 20016.

OUTSTANDING imprinted personal stationery. Social-professional. Idea-Packed sampler-catalog—25¢. Jacques Stationery, Box 395-N, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

PENFRIENDS. For free information write: Papyrus, Box 458NE, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27102.

SLEEP-LEARNING: HYPNOTISM! Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24—NR, Olympia, Washington.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, $10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016.

HELP AN UNDERPRIVILEGED AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD to remain in school, and have a new friend who needs you. $15 monthly. Futures for Children, 5612 Parkston Road, Washington, D. C. 20016, (301) 320-3536.

Peace Personals

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS, Low-cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING, INC., Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Literature

MAGAZINES FROM CHINA in Eng. *Subscribe now,* Airmail: Peking Review $4, China Reconstructs $3. Seamail: China Pictorial $3. Chinese Literature $3. *Free catalog.* CHINA BOOKS (3 locations): 2929 24th St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110; 125 Fifth Avenue (new address) N.Y. 10003; 900 W. Armitage, Chicago, Il. 60614.

MAY WE RAISE SOME QUESTIONS about smoking and health? Send for free booklet, "The Cigarette Controversy," Dept. TNR, The Tobacco Institute, 1776 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

BEST BOOKFINDERS IN NEW YORK: ORSAY BOOKS, 86-32 Eliot Ave., Rego Park, New York 11347.

FREE BOOK, Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

Literary Services

POETRY. Cooperative publication. For information: Research Reports, Suite #5, 6400 Georgia Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20012

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details. Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011.

WRITERS—"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

LIBRARY INFORMATION. Research by professional librarians. All fields. Box 8202, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15217.

Schools

THE LEARNING TRIBE. An alternate year in three communities, Nova Scotia, Mexico, West Virginia. Field work, study, travel, outdoor program, for a few, 16-18. Box 57, Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire 03447.

LEARN SPANISH IN MEXICO. If you really want to learn Spanish intensively and economically, start any Monday at CIDOC. For catalog on language school and de-schooled academy, write: CIDOC, APDO 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Have Something to Sell?

Write your own classified for just $6.00

For only 60¢ per word your 10 word classified ad will reach more than 400,000 readers. There is no limit in length so be as prolific as your budget allows. Use the form below to send us your order.

Please run the enclosed advertisement _____ times in THE NEW REPUBLIC. Advance payment of $_____ is enclosed.

_____

_____

_____

(See rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Summer Schools

WEAVING LESSONS by master weaver. Emphasis on individual instruction. From one week up, starting June 24 ending September 1. Rural location. Certificates. Write: Z HANDICRAFTS, Fulford, Quebec, Canada

Camps

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience that integrates work and recreation, arts and crafts, with current concerns. A vitalizing summer with well motivated contemporaries. Co-ed, 13-17. Apprenticeship program and off-campus study projects. The Putney School, Putney, Vt. 05346. (802) 387-4212.

CAMP BLUE HERON, Port Loring, Ontario. Our eleventh year providing informal and individualized programs of nature study, canoe tripping, and fun in the Ontario wilderness. Co-ed, ages 8-14, 30 campers each session; three-week sessions commencing June 24, July 15, August 5. Transportation provided to and from Buffalo or Toronto. Write 4200 Harris Hill Road, Williamsville, N.Y. 14221. Telephone (716) 633-6193 or (513) 275-6976

Foreign Studies

EDUCATIONAL VACATIONS 1973. Don't settle; select! Complete guide to 500 courses worldwide. $4.95 postpaid. GALE, 702 Book Tower, Detroit 48226

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week non-political non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 10 West 46th Street, New York, New York 10036 (212) 581-8113.

Employment Wanted

LAWYER-MUSICIAN wants to use both in employment. D-6, Camelot Apts., Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Employment Opportunities

ENVIRONMENTAL JOBS NATIONWIDE. Monthly *Bulletin*. $6 one month; $11 two; $16 three. Ecology Placement Service, 1711 Lincoln, St. Paul, Minn. 55105

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-N, Belmont, California 94002.

WORK IN DEVELOPING MEXICO. Rapid advancement, negligible taxes, inexpensive entertainment, pleasant living, peace. List of 200 United States, international, Mexican companies. Immigration procedure. $2.00. Informex, NR, Box 55361, Houston, Texas 77055.

Employment Opportunities

ARCHITECTS: PEACE CORPS/VISTA. Volunteer overseas or U. S. Low-income housing projects, design of schools, hospitals, community centers, etc. Singles, some couples. Information: Bruce Mazzie, ACTION, OCP Box 172C, Washington, D. C. 20525

Spare Time

HOW TO MAKE MONEY Writing Short Paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts on my "Home Studies in Writing," Barrett, Dept. C-456-T, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

STUFF ENVELOPES. Average $25.00 Hundred. Immediate earnings. Beginner's Kit, $1 (refundable). Lewcard, Box T392NR, Brea, Calif. 92621.

Property—Sale/Rent

LAND IN MAINE, 15 miles from coast. Will sell 60A/$36,000, or 5A tracts/$3,000. To those interested in the environment. P.O. Box 1, Hellertown, Pa.

PLAN YOUR VACATIONS, retirement in our developing liberal cooperative community in North-Central Arkansas. Beautiful lots, large lake nearby. Tumbling Shoals Estates, P.O. Drawer 268, Naperville, Illinois 60540

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road. Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120 (216) 751-2155.

SEA RANCH. One-half acre site at Pacific's edge. Two hours north of San Francisco on beautiful, wild Sonoma Coast. Award-winning land plan has preserved ecology. Ownership includes access to adjacent private Olympic pool, sauna, stables, tennis courts, beaches, miles of trails, airstrip, 10 miles of private coast lands. $24,800. Terms, Owner, 605 Elise Court, Merced, Ca. 95340

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 Acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U. S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-SM, Washington, D. C. 20036

Vacations/Travel

USSR TOUR 30 days $995.00 beginning Amsterdam July 18. Optional Credit Occidental College. California Student Tours, 1800 Broadway, San Francisco, Calif. 94109

JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING. Idyllic park location directly beneath Grand Teton. Two cabins, fully equipped. Available August-September. Telephone (215) 247-8173

MAJORCA. Furnished house right on Mediterranean. Grocery; club with large pool, bar, excellent restaurant; tennis. $70 week. New Republic, Box 6460

Vacations/Travel

VACATION SWAP—Our Puget Sound four-bedroom waterfront cottage, your Manhattan apartment, two weeks, June. Exchange voluminous information; Layton, 4933 Cooper Point Road NW, Olympia, Washington 98502

BAHAMAS BUDGET: Equipped cottages on shore from $25.00, Winter. Sea Raiders, CURRENT, Eleuthera, Bahamas

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 J Bell, Bayside, New York 11361.

Gourmet/Cookery

HERBS WITH THE TANG OF MAINE! Natural seasonings. Chives, mint, basil, thyme, coriander, fennel, minced garlic in generous $1.00 packages. The Blue Heron, Phippsburg, Maine 04562

Arts and Crafts

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Box 28F, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

HANDMADE AFGHANS. Georgia's indigent make quality one-of-a-kind needleart crafts. 25¢ for current listings. A Stitch In Time, Box NR509, Social Circle, Georgia 30279

Music

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE. Quality instruments and kits: Dulcimers ($20 up), Psalteries, Banjos, Thumb Pianos; books, records, HERE, Inc., #N, 410 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS—Professional instruments in kit form. Burton Jacks (Patented), $195-$650. Write Burton Harpsichords, 917 O Street, Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion) ..... 60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year ..... 55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year ..... 50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year ..... 45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year ..... 40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HISTORY...RELIGION... LITERATURE...HUMOR...PEOPLE...

The only book club treating every aspect of Jewish life

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

Prices shown are for publishers' editions

Any 3 books (worth up to $63) for just $2.49

WITH MEMBERSHIP

FEB 23 1973

21-NR

THE JEWISH BOOK CLUB
165 East 56th Street, New York, New York 10022

Please accept my application for membership in The Jewish Book Club and send me the 3 books whose numbers I have printed in the boxes. Bill me only $2.49, plus a small charge for shipping and handling. I agree to accept as few as 4 selections in the next year at special member savings of up to 35%. All selections and alternates will be described in advance in the *Jewish Book News*, and I may decline any of them by returning the convenient form provided. After completion of my short trial membership, I will be entitled to earn free bonus books.

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Commentary magazine invites you to take any 3 of these books for just $2.49 to introduce you to The Jewish Book Club.

As a member of this special club, you'll get to choose from dozens of top-quality books on every aspect of the rich Jewish heritage. All selections are original publishers' editions and come to you at savings of up to 35%.

What's more, this one-of-a-kind club offers fine recordings, coins, ancient maps, original lithographs, and holiday cards—all at the same great savings. Offerings are described every month in the club's bulletin, *Jewish Book News*, which comes to you free.

So act now! Choose any 3 books for just $2.49 plus a modest charge for shipping and handling. Send no money; we'll bill you later. Just fill out the coupon and mail it to The Jewish Book Club, 165 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

THE JEWISH BOOK CLUB

*Multi-volume set counts as 1 selection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED